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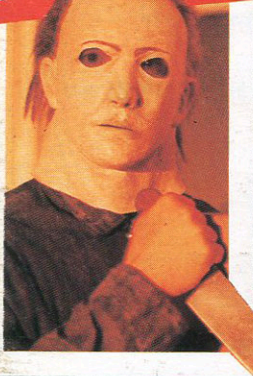

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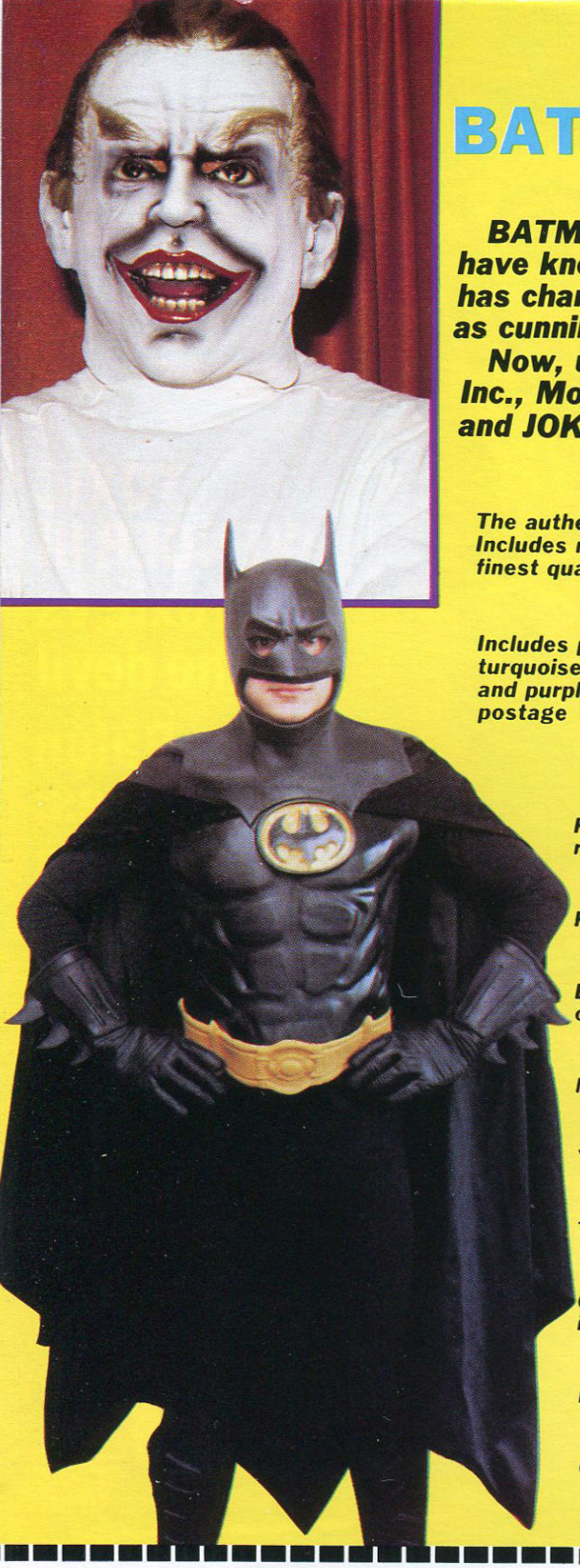

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BLOOD FEST

Jason vs. Freddy

Photo: Ron Grover

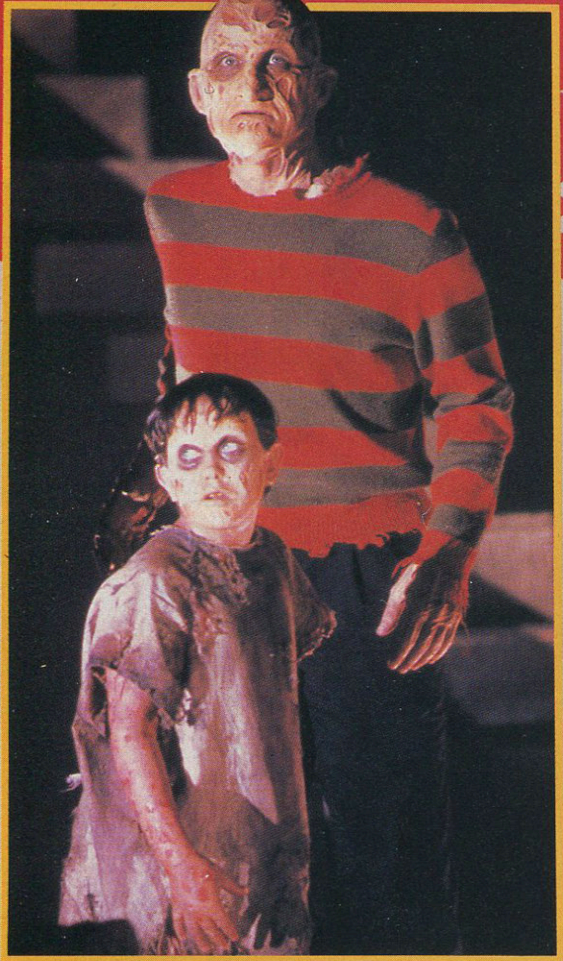

Photo: Michael Leshnov

The Muppets did a better job taking Manhattan, and Freddy failed to rob the box office cradle.

Last summer's highly-touted box office battle between Jason and Freddy is old news for you by now, but as I write this (August 31), the dust has only begun to settle. The receipts have been totalled, and both Jason and Freddy came up losers—big time. *Friday the 13th, Part VIII—Jason Takes Manhattan* and *A Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child* failed to attract fans to the theaters this year, and each sequel emerged as the least successful entry of its respective series. Let's examine why.

It's hard to imagine a bigger cheat of a movie than *Friday the 13th, Part VIII*. Originally, when writer/director Rob Hedden proposed scenarios for the sequel, he came up with two separate storylines—Jason in the big city or Jason on a cruise ship. Paramount, however, unwisely requested that Hedden combine the two ideas into one film. *Friday VIII*, even with the ship setting, grows stale very fast. The characters are as insipid as always (especially the terminally cute leads, Jensen Daggett and Scott Reeves, who are disgustingly wholesome), and the adults (Barbara Bingham and Peter Mark Richman) spit out several dialogue howlers. Amazingly, Jason (Kane Hodder) displays the most personality. Since you can't count on any splatter in a *Friday* film anymore, supposedly the only worthwhile reason to sit through *Part VIII* was to appreciate the New York City slayground. And we're left waiting. . . and waiting . . . and waiting. . .

The *Friday* producers should have dropped the cruise idea and concentrated on the Manhattan locale, even if they wanted to lense the film in British Columbia to save money. With its ingenious print and TV advertising campaigns (which boldly ignored truth in advertising), who wouldn't be disappointed that the film only spends about 20 minutes in the Big Apple? The filmmakers again display utter contempt for their audience by completely neglecting the little bit of continuity set up by the other entries. And *Friday*'s few pluses (the imposing Hodder and a few stylish touches by Hedden) fail to counteract the dopiest ending ever.

Nightmare 5 opened stronger than *Friday VIII*, but it also wilted in the summer box heat. My predictions of Freddy overexposure seem to have come true. The fans, probably sick of Krueger after suffering through a season of awful *Freddy's Nightmares* episodes, decided enough's enough. In order to convince audiences to shell out $6 when they can watch Krueger for free on TV, New Line Cinema needed to produce something special, unique and frightening. *Nightmare 5* was none of these. It's pretty sad that no less than *five* screenwriters delivered the thinnest *Nightmare* to date. But that's not to say that they couldn't have penned a good movie; if New Line had given them more time and not subjected the entire production to an assembly line shooting schedule, it may not have turned out so lousy. Though a welcome return to the saga's darker side and slightly more interesting than *Nightmare 4*, the fifth Freddyfest appears rushed, sloppy, choppily edited and kinda dull.

Horror fans sent a message to Freddy and Jason's producers last summer, one that goes for all sequels. Box office apathy translates to, "We're tired of sequels, and we want something new." And when audiences speak, someone in Hollywood better be listening.

—Anthony Timpone
Editor

RED ALERT!

DEEP RED
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GORE SCOREBOARD
Argento's Inferno
Fulci
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LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT
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PREMIERE ISSUE! ★ ★ Argento's INFERNO/What Happened to Tobe Hooper?/Interviews with David (LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT) Hess and James (RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD) Karen/Movies with Guts/News Slashes/Fulci's NEW YORK RIPPER/BLOOD DINER/Gore Scoreboard/New FX Artists!

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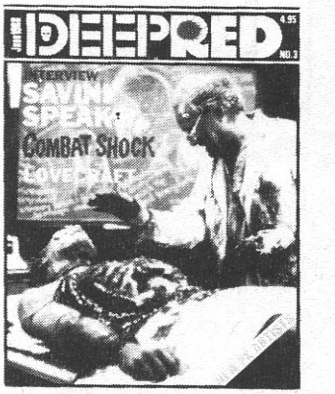
ISSUE 2 -- Foreign & Domestic Zombies/HELLRAISER/DOCTOR BUTCHER/Gunnar Hansen's Post-Chainsaw Dating Etiquette/Interview with Mark (EVIL DEAD 2, FROM BEYOND) Shostrom/Fanzines A-Z/Sybil Danning/Video Dog House/Gore Scoreboard!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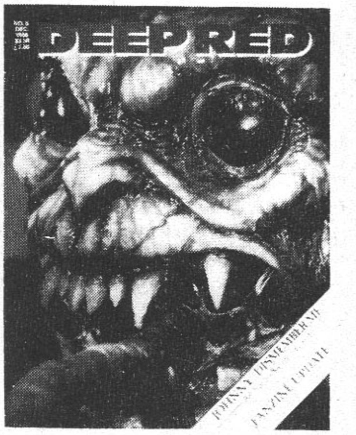
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FANZINE UPDATE

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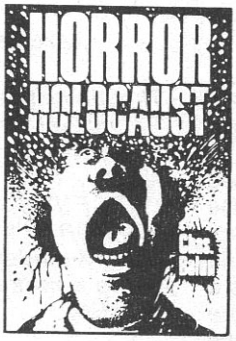
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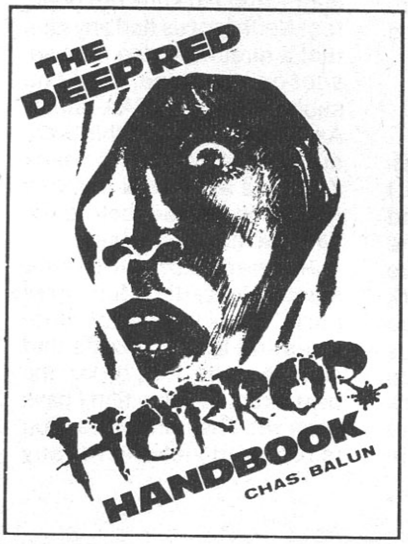
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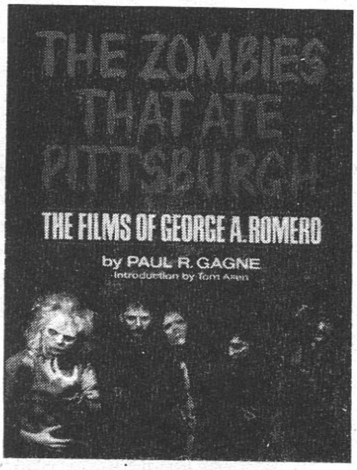
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GUT reactions

Failed Romances, Part 1: Henry & Becky. Poor Becky lives out of a suitcase. Henry sees to it that she's buried in one.

Photo: Copyright MPI

"HENRY" CALLING!

. . .Just reading Maitland McDonagh's review of *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* gave me the creeps. I would really like to see this movie, and plenty of my friends would, too. Director John McNaughton should take a chance and release it with the X rating. If he sends it directly to video, people will see it, but putting it in theaters would allow *Henry* to reach an even larger audience. By taking such a risk, McNaughton would garner well-deserved attention.

We horror fans want to see *Henry* unadulterated where it was meant to be seen—in the theater. McNaughton, show the MPAA that you're not afraid of an X rating! Too many people today back down and compromise their films' integrity for R ratings. Maybe releasing an X-rated *Henry* will start a new trend, bringing us back to the days when films like *Mother's Day* and *Dawn of the Dead* had no ratings and were treated to theatrical releases.

Stuart Schechter
North Hollywood, CA

Unfortunately, it's not up to McNaughton. However, MPI, Henry*'s distributor, promises to give the film the widest unrated theatrical release possible. Let's just hope.*

DE ROSSI DELIGHTS!

. . .I was reading through Chas. Balun's column in GOREZONE #7 when I noticed he had chosen Gianetto De Rossi as the most underappreciated FX talent. I couldn't agree more! The man is a genius, and he needs some recognition—you guys are the right people to do it! How about an article about him, or at least a complete list of the films he's worked on? I think my favorite Gino effect has got to be the neck-skewering in *House by the Cemetery*. How the heck did he do it? It's seamless!

Paul Mallison
63 Doncaster Lane
Woodlands, Doncaster,
South Yorkshire
England

LUCAS LAUDED! BALUN BELOVED!

. . . GOREZONE is getting better and better in every issue. I especially like Piece O' Mind and Video Watchdog. The posters are lovely, too. Issue #9's makeup lab by Mark Shostrom was awesome. I do have two important questions though. Is there a makeup book written by Mark Shostrom? Also, Shostrom mentioned 1014 fiber resin foam by Polytech, but where can I get some?

Steven Lee
Lake Oswego, Oregon

Though he hasn't written an FX book yet, Shostrom did pen an article on his Phantasm II *work for FANGORIA PRESENTS CINEMAGIC HORROR FX #1, now on sale. This FX guidebook also provides a makeup supplies directory.*

"REDNECK" RATES!

. . . Many thanks to Tim Lucas for setting the record straight on my quote for the *Redneck Zombies* video box. Director Pericles Lewnes showed the uncut version of the video to both my buddy Tim Ferrante and myself in 1988 at the Troma Building, Hell's Kitchen, New York. I stand by my quote, and I'm sure Tim does, too! Neither of us had any idea that a direct-to-video release, *shot on videotape*, would be subjected to an MPAA rating! As Lucas points out, this is absurd! My piece on *Redneck Zombies* appeared in *Deep Red* #2 over a year before the film was finally released.

Redneck Zombies is no masterpiece. It's a fun "gore party" tape with a lot of interesting ideas, moods and camera shots. It is, by far, the best direct-to-video film I have seen yet. The unrated version is required viewing for any self-respecting GoreZonian. It's a film made by fans, for fans. In short, it's fun.

Dennis Daniel
Bayshore, NY

DRIVE-IN SADNESS!

. . .Just picked up GOREZONE #9. It's gettin' better! I've been with Fango since #1 (and STARLOG before that), and I had my doubts about GOREZONE, although I've bought each issue and watched it grow. It's picked up the in-your-face attitude that Fango has tended to wander from in the last couple years. My personal pick is Chas. Balun's Piece O' Mind column, especially #9's, concerning the Golden Age of Splatter. He is dead on! I fondly remember that period he is discussing. It was in my pre-17-years-of-age days, when it took some real trickery to get into a theater and see *The Howling* and other such masterpieces.

I remember conning my grandmother into taking an even younger friend and me to see *Zombie* and *Death Ship* first-run at my local drive-in. What a trip! Here I am, just turning 15, watching all this intense viscera. The same grandma would later attend *Dawn of the Dead*. My stepmother was always a trouper, too, taking me to umpteen midnight shows of *Dawn* and other treats such as *Howling* and *Halloween II*.

It was all different then. Even the sequels (which were much fewer in number) weren't bad! Now, going on 23, I have a young friend who loves to sit in his dungeonesque basement and watch pitiful video after pitiful video. He has grown up in the video age, not getting much enjoyment out of theater journeys. His idea of fun is renting two or three flicks a night and zoning out on such feces as *Redneck Zombies* and the like.

J.R. Bookwalter
President,
Suburban Tempe Company

TAKE A "TASTE"!

. . . I have seen the future of horror, and its name is *Bad Taste*. This excellent film is the new *Re-Animator*. This 13-year-old horror and gore fan was getting tired of all these bloodless, wimpy horror films like *Friday the 13th VII*. You couldn't imagine my surprise when I saw *Bad Taste* at my local video store. Remembering the article in GOREZONE about it, I quickly grabbed a copy.

The film blew me away. On a scale of one to four, it's a five! New Zealand director Peter Jackson is a major talent to watch. He's also a primo FX artist. His FX in this film were exhilarating! Brain-eating, arterial-spraying, chainsaw mayhem and dismemberment were everywhere! Judging from this film, horror has been born again!

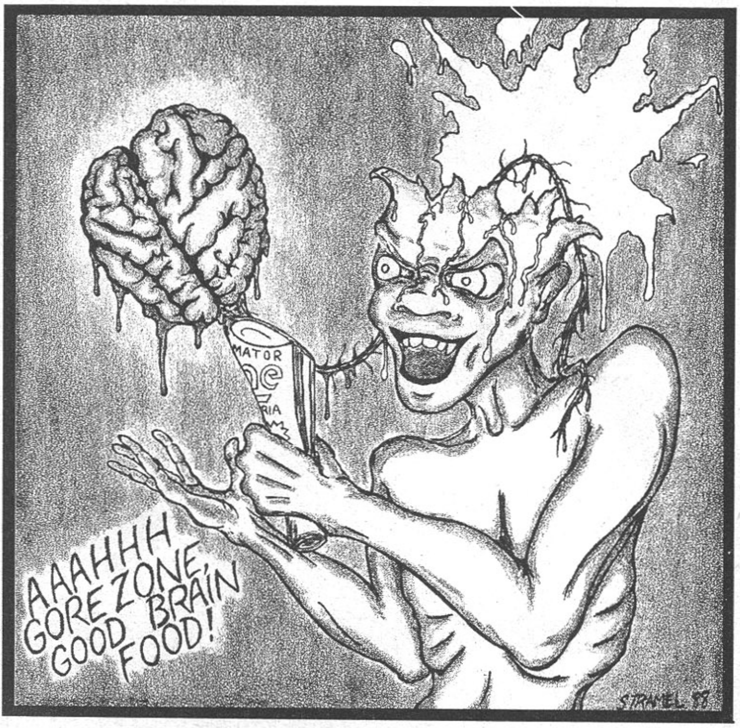
Ron Prescott
1641 E. Chestnut Avenue
Vineland, NJ 08360

WE WANT OUR "GEEK"!

. . . Has the film *Luther the Geek* found a distributor and been retitled? The catalog from Video Overstocks lists a film called *Luther*, priced at $39.95 for a new copy. Is this *Luther the Geek*? Or just some waste of guitar picks?

Jared Knight Russell
16 Underhill Avenue
Locust Valley, NY 11560

No, that's not Luther the Geek. *There's no news on the film's release plans as of yet. (By the way, for anyone who doesn't understand Jared's guitar pick reference: Guitar picks and film stock are both made out of celluloid. One print of* Terms of Endearment *could've kept Eric Clapton supplied for life.)*


AAAHHH GOREZONE, GOOD BRAIN FOOD!
MATOR
RIA
STRAMEL 88

Art: Jim Stramel

COMICS COMPLIMENTED!

. . . I bought the first issue of the *Nightmare on Elm Street* comic not knowing what to expect. Well, it was great! Printing it in black and white allows for more graphic deaths, and I thought the telling of Freddy's childhood was believably done. The pencil work was top-rate, to say the least. Can't wait for the second issue.

Robert Fratric
64 Mount Albion Road
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
L8K 5S6

"CHAINSAW" CHEERS!

. . . I do not know how many letters of satisfied correspondence you have received, but I speak for all the chainsaw owners in the country—nay, the world!—when I commend you on the stirring Jim Siedow piece in GOREZONE #9.

I no sooner saw the big-nosed, bush-browed, thunder-voiced chef in the red bow tie and beige coveralls than I was entranced by his explosive lunacy: "Sex or the saw!" "It's in the meat!" "Is that the way you come into a man's home—singin' like that?!" Fabulous! Of course, I love Leatherface, Chop-Top and dear old Grandpa, but the ever-so-neglected and ignored Drayton Sawyer is the sauce on the ribs!

Then, as if that weren't enough, I opened the posters. Yes, yes, nice Linnea Quigley cannibalizing a human arm, lovely Crypt Keeper, cute Anthony Perkins as Mr. Hyde, and . . . could it be? It *is*! The Sawyer family photograph! Huge! *Mine*!

An interview with Siedow, a cannibal family pinup (currently framed on my wall) and details about *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre: A Family Portrait*. What more could anyone ask for?

Anthony Lopez
No address

Remember, address your letters and cartoons to GOREZONE Gut Reactions, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. Include a SASE if you want your art returned. Include a request for some famous person's address or phone number if you want us to laugh and throw out your letter. Sorry, absolutely no personal replies.

Photo: Courtesy Carlton Albright

Failed Romances, Part 2: Luther & the old lady. Luther loves necking on public benches.

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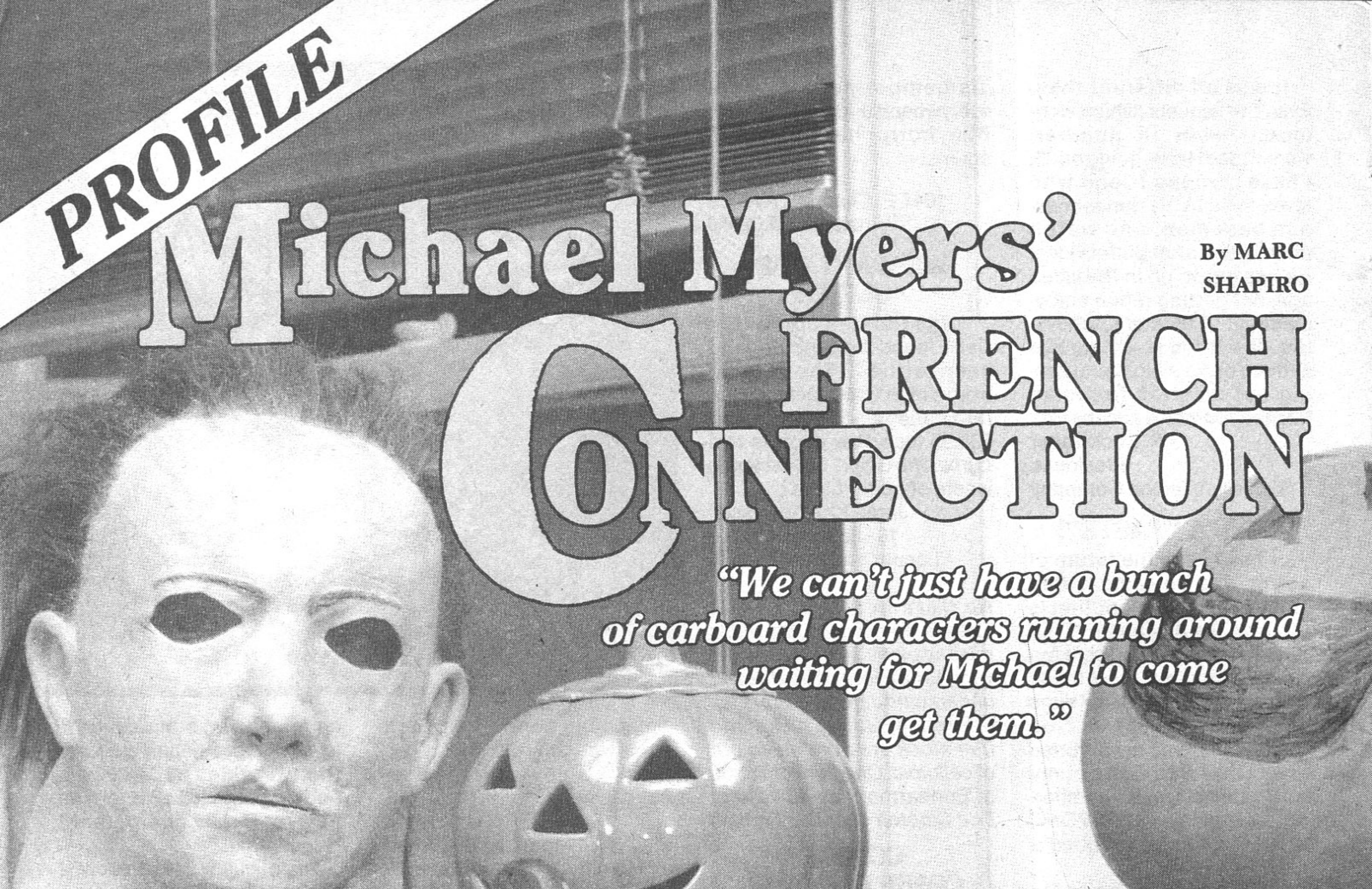
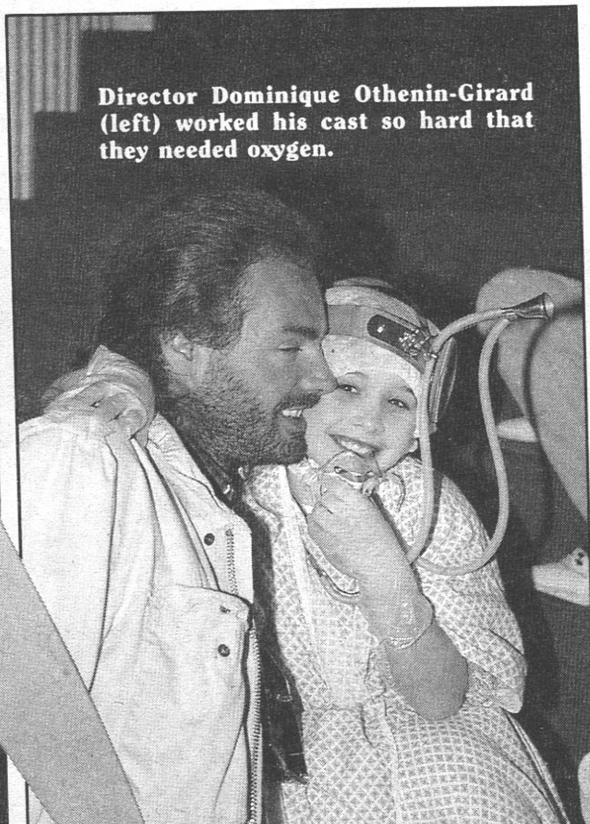
PROFILE

Michael Myers' FRENCH CONNECTION

By MARC SHAPIRO



"We can't just have a bunch of carboard characters running around waiting for Michael to come get them."



Director Dominique Othenin-Girard (left) worked his cast so hard that they needed oxygen.

Dominique Othenin-Girard is in love with things like pace and structure—so much so that, after doing a massive rewrite with Michael Jacobs of the original *Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers* script, he willingly suffered the slings and arrows of those not hip to his jive.

"People looked at the script and immediately began attacking me for making the first part of the story too slow," reflects *Halloween 5*'s director. "I told them, 'The script is *not* slow. This is how you build suspense.' " The sequel, which opened October 13, picks up where *Halloween 4* left off.

Othenin-Girard, during a very cold night in Salt Lake City, is constructing some particularly critical suspense in a dimly lit jailhouse two weeks into the filming of *Halloween 5*. Without saying a word, the Swiss-born filmmaker tells loads about the approach to filmmaking he's bringing to his second major American film. He completed the lady demon flick *Night Angel* several months prior to his Shape lensing.

During a scene shot in a twisting, turning hallway, Othenin-Girard instructs his cameraman to shoehorn the camera into a particularly tight corner, the better to get a slightly different angle on the sequence. Earlier in the evening, during an exchange between Dr. Loomis and Sheriff Meeker, the director stopped the production dead for a bit of unscripted improvisation.

"That scene was a good example of the detail of character I try to bring to my work," judges Othenin-Girard, whose beard, long hair tied in a ponytail and French accent give the director a truly bohemian appearance. "By adding the moment where Meeker takes out his wallet and shows Loomis the picture of his dead daughter, I have given his character a sentimental touch. Doing *Part 5* of a successful series has not prevented me from adding those character shadings. I respect the setup and the *Halloween* formula. Once the framework of the *Halloween* format was established, it became easy to build up the characters and make them people you care about."

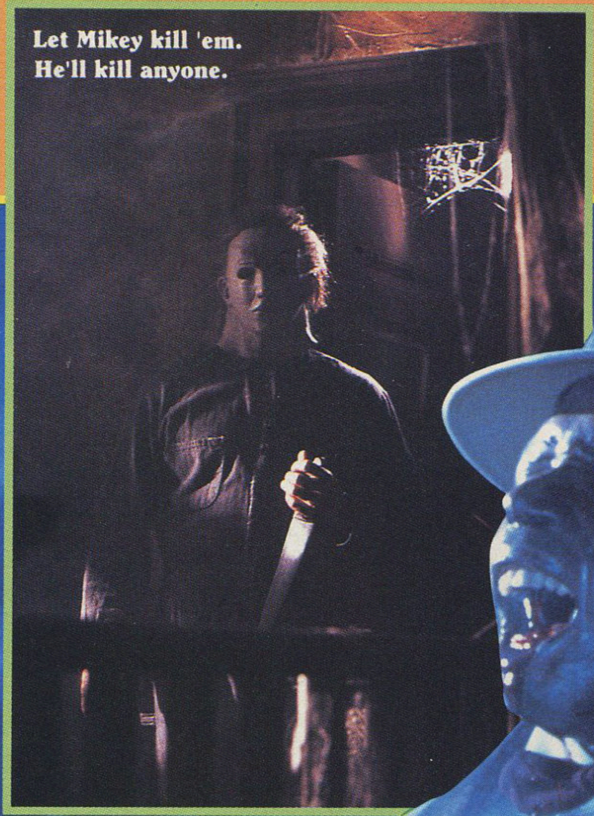
Though a bit reluctant to delve into specifics, Othenin-Girard concedes, "I like to see things taken to extremes. I guess I'm sort of a film outlaw. I like to take risks. I'm stylish in what I do, but there's nothing predictable about it."

The director's attitude has found many supporters on the *Halloween 5* set. "Dominique likes to go over the top and see everything," beams FX wizard Greg Nicotero. "His version of the film is definitely going to be different."

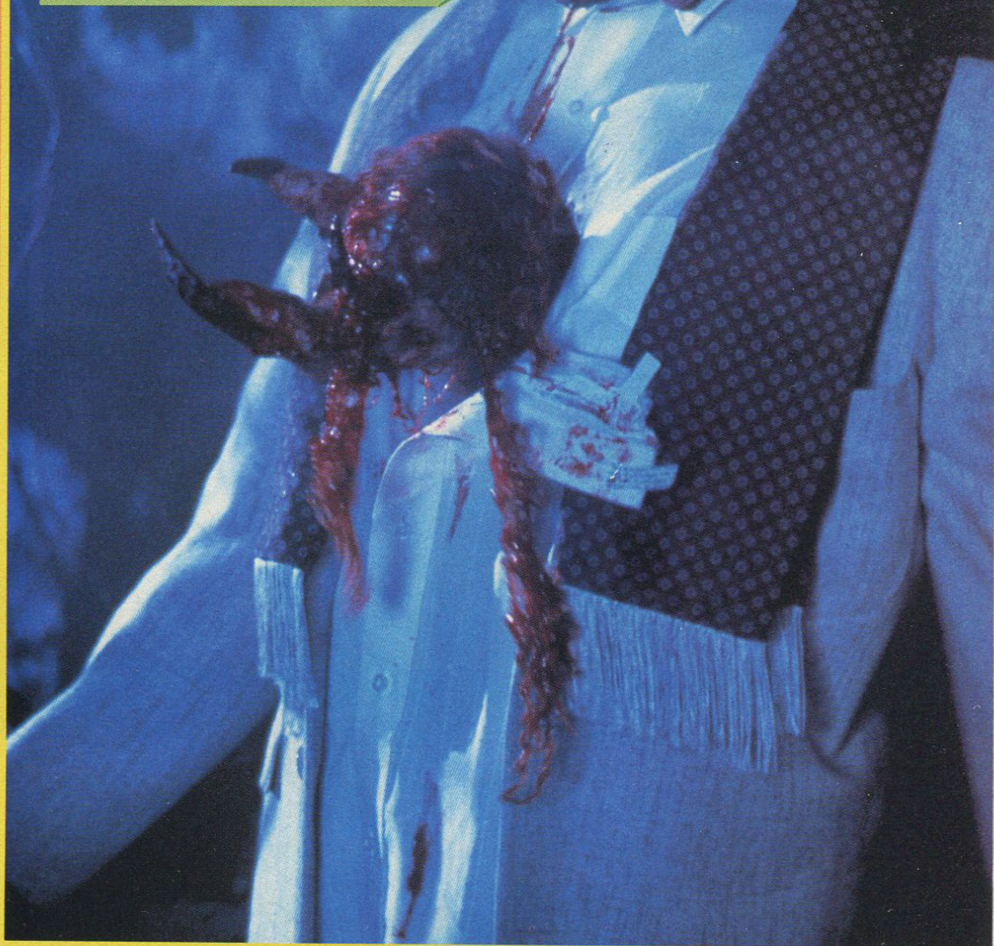
"I think this director has a lot of imagination and is very clever," applauds series constant Donald Pleasence. *Halloween 5*'s basic challenge, as Othenin-Girard sees it, is to keep the *Halloween 5* audience off balance and on edge. "The better pictures in the *Halloween* series have always maintained a high degree of suspense and tension," he analyzes. "The depth of character is also very important to making this movie work. We can't just have a bunch of cardboard characters running around waiting for Michael to come get them. I feel that it is important to have characters of depth and emotion, so that the audience can get inside them and feel the pressure and fear they are feeling."

Raised in a small village in a French province of Switzerland, Othenin-Girard spent a year in Detroit in 1976 as part of a foreign exchange student program. He fell in love with the United States. "I couldn't speak a word of English when I arrived," he recalls. "By the time I returned to Switzerland, English was the *only* thing I could speak."

Othenin-Girard returned to his homeland in 1977 and spent two years in school attempting to find himself. At the end of that time, he realized he had done



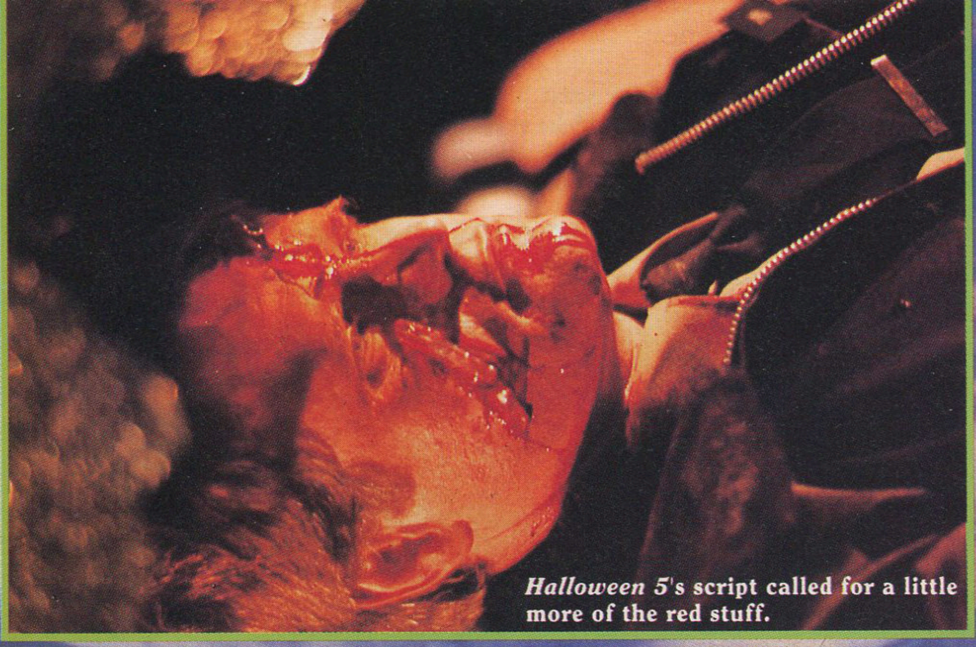
Let Mikey kill 'em. He'll kill anyone.



The one guy who wouldn't be caught dead in a *Batman* T-shirt learns the error of his ways. (From *Night Angel*)

Angel Photos: Copyright KNB EFX Group

All Myers Photos: Copyright 1989 Galaxy



Halloween 5's script called for a little more of the red stuff.

a lousy job. "I really did not know where I was going or what I would do with my life," he remembers. "So I quit school, took a camera and decided to bum around the country."

Othenin-Girard's travels led to a series of odd jobs and a growing fascination with photography. This obsession finally took wing on a street in London. "One day I found myself on a street corner," he recounts. "I looked around and saw the London International Film School. Up until that point, I did not think filmmaking was an option for me, but when I saw the school, I suddenly had this vision that it might be possible. I walked inside and registered. Three weeks later, I was a student at the school."

During the next two years, Othenin-Girard turned out a handful of introspective student films while learning the fine

> "Dominique likes to go over the top and see everything."
> —Greg Nicotero,
> FX artist

Actor Jonathan Chapin marvels at the Shape's gardening skills.

Somehow, *Halloween 6* won't be the same without Donald Pleasence.

art of filmmaking. "From the beginning, I was extremely into the technical details," he claims. "How to obtain a good picture and a good sound. Making the right selections in the right situations was always very important to me."

Upon leaving film school, he jumped immediately into the psychological thriller arena with his first feature, *After Darkness*. "It was an interesting psychodrama," assesses Othenin-Girard of the film, which starred Julian (*Warlock*) Sands and John (*Alien*) Hurt. "It was a psychological story about two brothers. It showed a special relationship that did not come across as obvious. That film put me on the map as an interesting director, though not for blatantly commercial films."

> **"I guess I'm sort of a film outlaw. I like to take risks."**

With his next film, *Cop Trap*, he found himself helming a thriller for French television that was commercial in the extreme. "*Cop Trap* had everything: sex, money, violence," he smiles. "It was made for a Saturday night prime time audience, a fast-paced thriller with a lot of action."

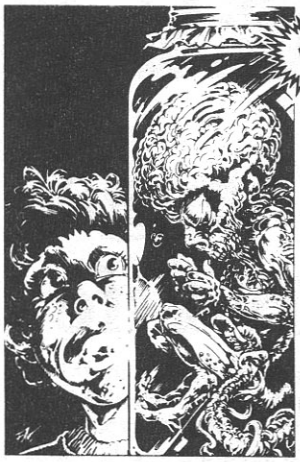
Othenin-Girard followed with *Night Angel*, his first horror film and his first film made on U.S. soil. Featuring Karen Black and the FX of Steve Johnson and KNB, the film is based on the rabbinic legend of Adam's first wife. "Lilith, who was kicked out of Eden for not being subservient to Adam, is reborn into the modern world as a demon bent on taking over the world through mass hypnosis," Othenin-Girard explains. "Through some rather gruesome effects, she takes over people's souls after consuming them during moments of extreme lust."

The director had occasion to meet producer Debra Hill, known for the first two *Halloween* movies, several times over the years. Hill apparently thought enough of Othenin-Girard's talents to recommend him to Moustapha Akkad as the commando to pilot *Halloween 5*. Akkad liked what he saw, and the director had the job.

The peculiarity of a foreign director's telling so obviously an American tale as *Halloween 5* hasn't daunted Othenin-Girard. "It is an interesting notion, but I believe I know enough about U.S. culture—especially film culture—to be able to make this film consistent in tone with the previous *Halloween* films," he defends. "I've also discovered with this film and *Night Angel* that a horror film is an excellent way to learn the ins and outs of filmmaking. The genre lets you stretch the boundaries and allows the pushing of characters and situations to extremes. It's a wonderful medium to work in."

Wonderful or not, any possible *Halloween 6* directing bid won't have Othenin-Girard willing to run back. "I don't think I will be offered another *Halloween* film," he shrugs. "Even if I was asked, I don't think I would do it. I have other ambitions that do not include directing sequels all the time. I have put my heart and soul into *Halloween 5* and feel very lucky to have been given this opportunity, but I have other stories in my heart that need to be told, and I have to move along with getting them out there."

AMERICA'S FAVORITE HORROR SHIRTS



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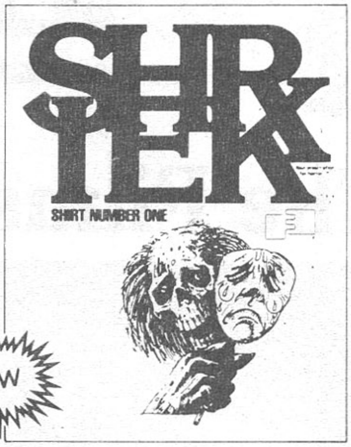

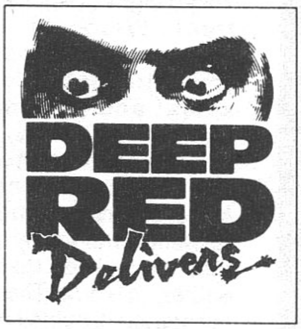

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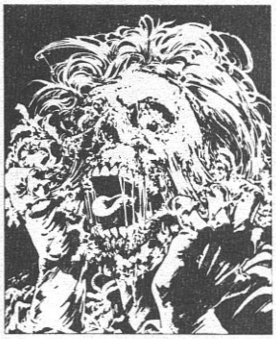

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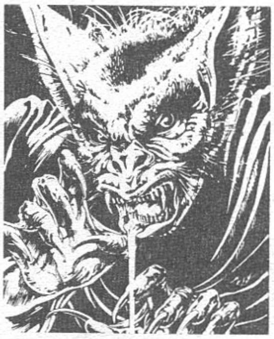

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PIECE O' MIND

by Chas. Balun

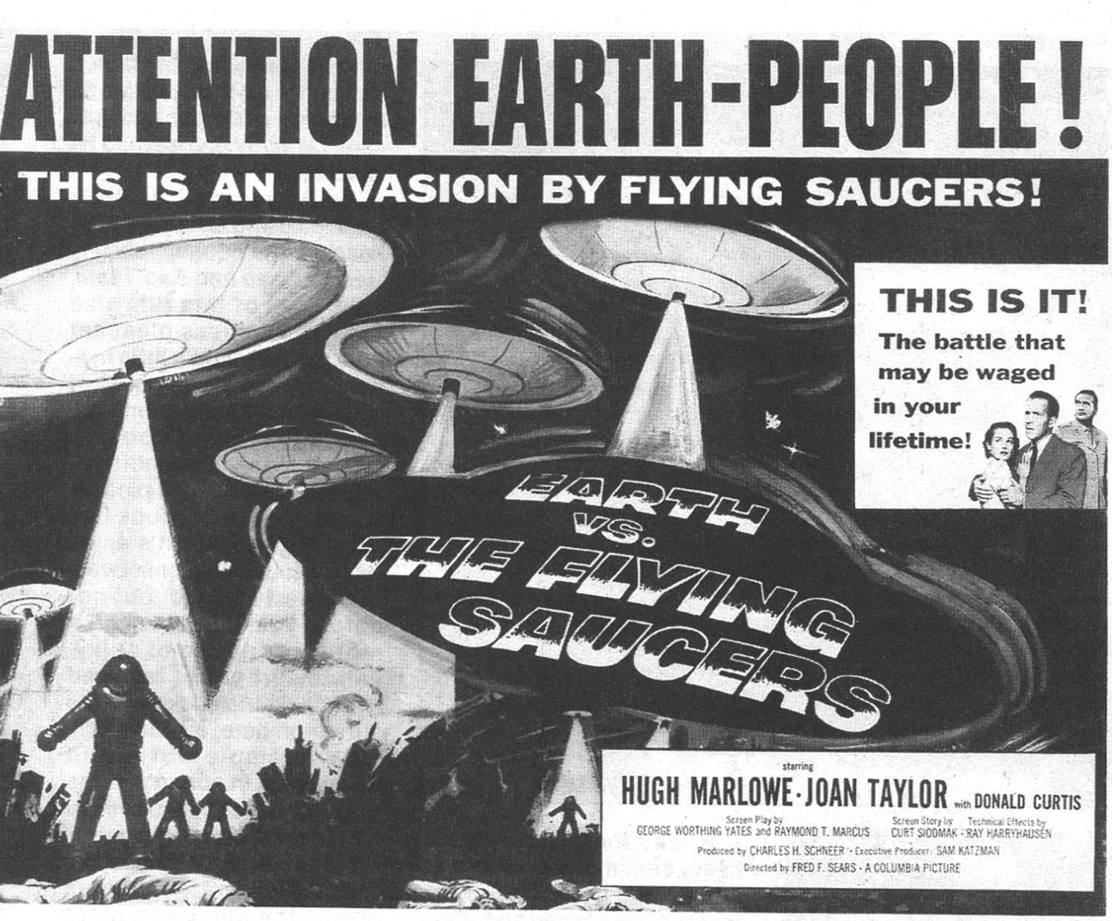
The Films—Ahem!— That Changed My Life

Few if any viewers walk away from *Doctor Butcher M.D.* unmoved.

The Million Dollar Movie made me do it. Talk to those folks down there at Channel 9 in Los Angeles. It started harmlessly enough with the cute baby apes, cool monsters, nifty spaceships and Vincent Price, but now look where it has led: multiple dismemberment, evisceration, power tool abuse, exsanguination, unspeakable acts of horrific violence, cannibalism. I can't help it. It's not my fault. Those TV programmers knew just what they were doing when they'd run stuff like *Rodan*, *Son of Frankenstein* or *The Giant Behemoth* every single night at 7:30 p.m. and then three times a day on weekends. They were creating a nation of monster junkies who could never get enough of a good thing. They knew impressionable youngsters (yes, your humble columnist was one of 'em once) would be watching every night and then buggin' the hell out of their parents to buy the stuff that Mighty Joe Young was helping to sell. And we thought we were seeing Godzilla stomp Tokyo eight times a week for *free*! Welcome to the economic jungle, chump, and your introductory lesson in social and political Darwinism. And now, when I sheepishly admit to seeing *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* more than 30 times to friends and family, perhaps they too will see that I'm not entirely to blame. The cathode ray started it, helped make me what I am today. Shit. "I coulda been somebody . . . I coulda been a contendah . . ."

These following 10 films are the ones that did it. Maybe not the best of the lot, but each has kept me dreaming for well over 30 years.

Son of Kong (1933) and *Mighty Joe Young* (1949): Hey, you're family, right? Then it's OK to admit to having never kept a dry eye when the little guy's bandaged finger goes under the waves for the last time during the climax of *Son of Kong*. Jeez! Just hearing a few bars of the music is usually enough to—oh, never you mind! Every kid on my block thought Terry Moore had the bitchiest pet in the world in *Mighty Joe Young*, so it came as quite a shock to learn he was only 18 inches tall and couldn't really perform during "Beautiful Dreamer," toss around lions and tigers or save kids from burning orphanages without the help of Willis O'Brien and a young dude named Harryhausen (easily the most accomplished animation in any of the Kong-inspired flicks). Both these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Screen Story by CURT SIODMAK
Technical Effects by RAY HARRYHAUSEN
Produced by CHARLES H. SCHNEER · Executive Producer: SAM KATZMAN
Directed by FRED F. SEARS · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Whoa! Scared you there for a second, didn't we? No, it's just an ad, not an actual red alert.

baby ape epics celebrated youth in its human and simian forms: the innocence, the idealism, loyalty and stubborness embodied in one who has yet to bite his first fart bubble in the Bathtub of Life.

The Thing (1951): Another *Million Dollar Movie* chestnut, and the only film that I've seen as many times as *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. The film library at Channel 9 was not a vast one; consequently, you could effortlessly log in at least 24 viewings of this brilliant Howard Hawks/Christian Nyby classic during your summer vacation. Little Chas. would squeal like a stuck piggy nightly at 8:22 p.m. just as Kenneth Tobey and crew first confronted the creature and then crushed his paw in the doorway. I slip this cassette into the VCR anytime I've been bludgeoned into coma town from the latest onslaught of trendy designer fright flicks that celebrate latex, libido and larceny to an alarming degree. This film still makes me wander outside after it's over to poke my nose skyward and keep watching, forever watching...

"Carrot suits? Dwarves?" thinks James Arness on *The Thing* set. "Maybe I oughta do that *Gunsmoke* pilot."

Godzilla (1956): Again, another nightly thing with me giddily anticipating the scene in which the panicked crowd scurries up the hill, only to be scared sushi-less by the sudden arrival of Mr. Rocket Breath himself. The black-and-white original is still the only one in the series that really delivers. MechaGodzilla and its ilk all bite triceratops butt.

Earth vs. the Flying Saucers (1956): As Stephen King reveals in *Danse Macabre*, a close encounter of the brown shorts variety occurred when he saw this film for the first time. The final, climactic reel was inexplicably interrupted by the theater manager, who held the terror-stricken 10-year-olds in captive silence as he announced the launching of the first Russian satellite (Sputnik I) to successfully orbit the Earth. Your reporter found no brownies in his briefs after Washington, D.C. was destroyed by alien spacecraft, but I did harbor suspicions concerning my parents' recalcitrance to inform their progeny that an attack on the nation's capitol had indeed occurred. I was a goner—hook, line and sinker—with this pup, and it wasn't until I saw one of the spaceships at Forry Ackerman's house and held the tiny thing in my hand that the awful truth was made apparent.

House on Haunted Hill (1958): I got sucker-punched by this William Castle classic because it was doublebilled with Disney's *The Shaggy Dog* and, frankly, after 90 minutes of insufferably cute canine comedy, I was ill prepared for what followed. The only film I've ever watched through my fingers, and most certainly one of the few that ever made me wish I was safely back in Sister Ray's catechism class.

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974): Well, we lost a few years here between Vincent Price and Leatherface, and it's primarily because of a unique cultural and political phenomenon that was feverishly developing in a mythic land once called the Woodstock Nation. So while my GoreZonian colleagues were deeply into Hammer horror, pieces of my

The loyal *Son of Kong* squares off in defense of Carl Denham.

How embarrassing! A skeleton spots this faithless wife's dandruff problem in *House on Haunted Hill*.

mind began swirling in a heady stew of Hendrix and hallucination, with quite a few after-hours withdrawals being made at the ol' Brain Depository, too. Lately, it's all been coming back, but one thing's for sure—nobody I ever knew back then was even remotely like any of those swinish yuppie scum you see weekly on revisionist media offal like *thirtysomething*.

Gradually, the purple haze began to lift, and a marvelous revelation was beheld the instant Leatherface clubbed that first kid and then slammed that steel slaughterhouse door shut in all our faces. *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* remains, to this day, my healing Fountain of Lourdes. Terror has never been so pure, so direct or so merciless. This film retains its ability to terrify through the decades, and you'd be awfully hard pressed to find another entry that bests *Chainsaw*'s awesome ratio of scares-per-dollars-spent. Without benefit of this film, I'd probably be writing for *Rolling Stone* or *High Times* today, instead of GOREZONE and FANGORIA.

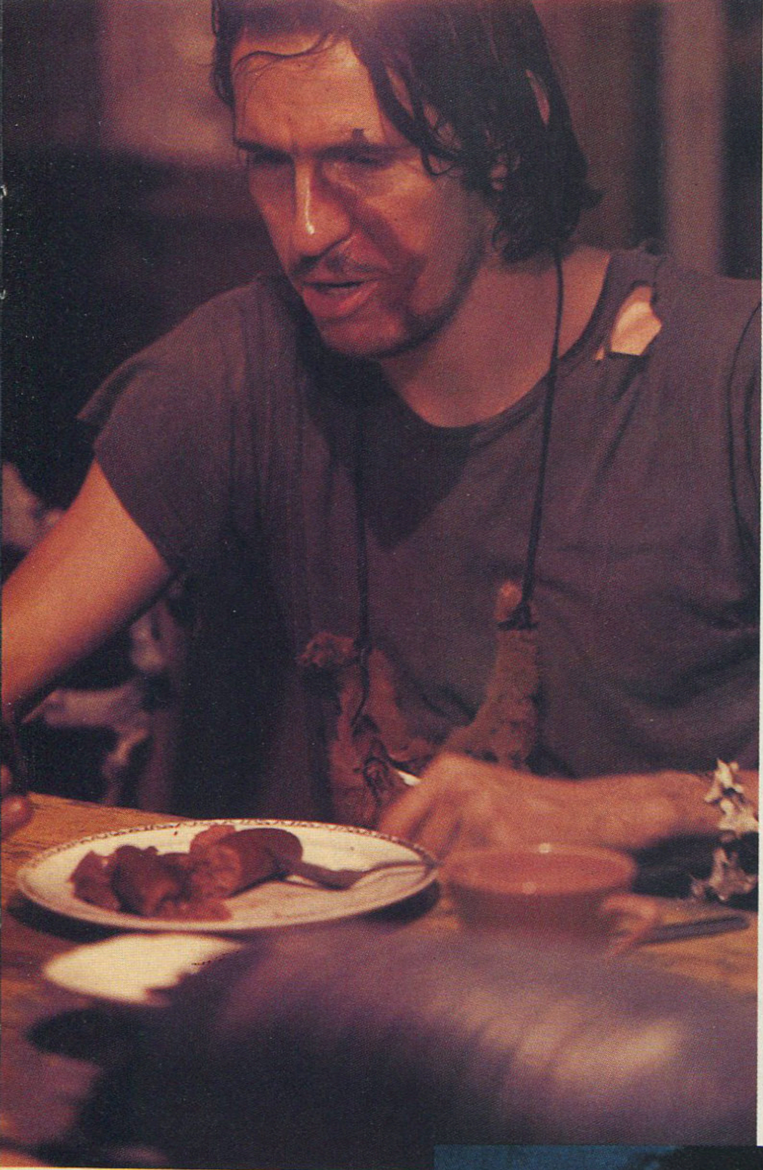
Friday the 13th (1980): A heavy sentimental favorite, in addition to being one of the most accomplished and effective teenkill films of all time. The woman screaming alongside me when the ax fell is now the Missus, as well as co-manager of our very own Chunkblow Chateau. *Friday the 13th* may be as dumb as dirt, but there's no denying its basic visceral, reptilian power and its ability to serve up a main course of mayhem from a spuds 'n' burger budget.

Dr. Butcher, M.D. (1980): Now, here's a real crossbred cinematic mutt for you: one part Roy (*Street Trash*) Frumkes' *Tales That'll Tear Your Heart Out*, one part Marino Girolami's *Queen of the Cannibals* and one part booger-eatin' spaz. A film littered with gutted corpses, brain transplants, gourmet cannibals and jungle zombies, *Dr. Butcher* operates entirely without a mind of its own. In a bitter, pedantic and sniggering review, Phil Hardy's *The Encyclopedia of Horror Films* says *Butcher*'s raison d'etre is "to show bloody scalpings, bodies being eaten and ripped to bits, interspersed with shots of [Alexandra Delli] Colli's body." What? They were maybe expecting *Battleship Potemkin* in a film that begins with a loving closeup of a grave marked "Snuff Maximus"? Hardy and his bunch can choke on their pristine 35 mm prints of *Doctor X* for all I care. *Dr. Butcher* lives, and he kicks ass!

Re-Animator (1985): Besides being as close to my heart as the equally rascally *Basket Case* and *Bad Taste*, memories of this film also recall other, less pleasant times. A rather ugly little incident followed the premiere of *Re-Animator* when some fat-assed, puffy old hog of a theater manager steadfastly refused to focus the picture. "It's supposed to look like that," he oinked. "It's an effect." Security personnel were eventually called, but not before your reporter and a motley minimob of spiky-haired surf punks received refunds on their tickets. Quite a triumph here, a heartwarming example of both democracy in action and the grassroots political power inherent in mob threats against persons and property. Besides that, *Re-Animator* remains one of the smartest, most delightful gore films of this or any other decade. Deserves a special footnote for expanding and extrapolating upon a well-known sexual euphemism in both its nominative and subjective forms.

Street Trash (1986): A real rarity, one that makes good on the implied promise/threat of the poster's tag line: "Just when you thought you had seen it all." Besides the raucous violence, technicolor meltdowns, acetylene tank decapitations and exploding body gags, the real heart and soul of *Street Trash* lies in its tender, profane script and the heretofore underappreciated poetic interplay of the world's vilest expletives. One hasn't heard such multifaceted employment of the F-word since Jack Nicholson reamed the English language as a supersaline sailor in *The Last Detail*. *Street Trash* also showcases the eclectic direction of newcomer Jim Muro in one of the most swaggeringly cocksure genre debuts since Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead*. And lastly, no film since Warhol's *Flesh for Frankenstein* (1973) has succeeded in making necrophilia such a pertinent social issue.

Without these films, fellow



***Friday the 13th*'s Kevin Bacon can do all the John Hughes movies he wants. We'll still like him.**

Hitchhiker Ed Neal later revealed that his inspiration for this unforgettable character was his own real-life cousin.

GoreZonians, your reporter might have been just another yuppie assbite swilling mineral water, chomping bran flakes, speculating on condos and doing the 10K circuit on weekends, meticulously groomed head beneath the sunroof of a BMW, ear glued to the car phone and wazoo caught in the corporate wringer. Thanks, then, to all the big apes, atomic monsters, alien invaders, mad doctors, exploding winos and chainsaw cannibals that have kept *that* nightmare at bay.

Ah yes, *Re-Animator*—one of the few things that made the 1980s worth wading through.

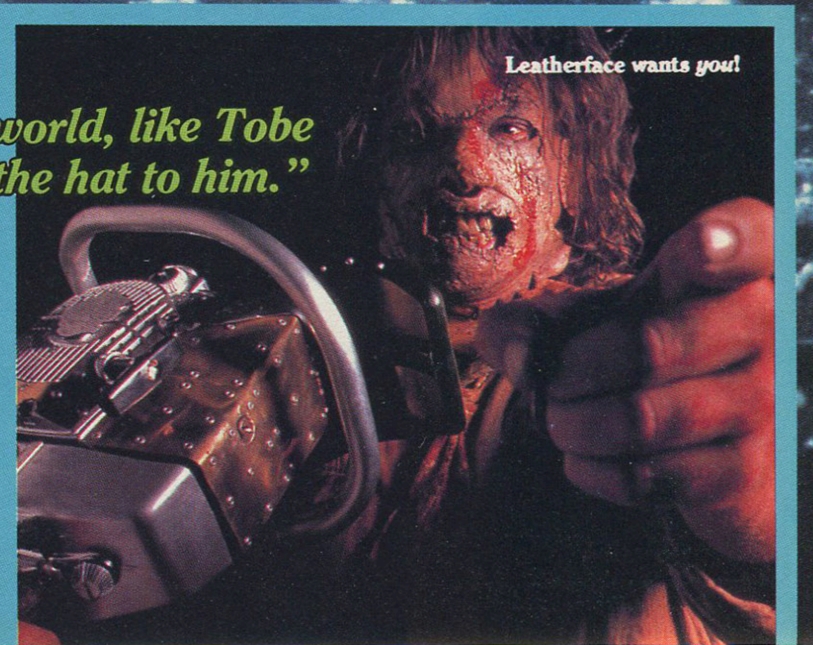
PREVIEW

Into the Death Tank With LEATHERFACE

By BILL WARREN

Round three of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* takes the action into the body pit.

> *"We're creating our own world, like Tobe Hooper did, with a tip of the hat to him."*



Leatherface wants *you!*

It's not enough that you have to keep up with the *Halloween*, *Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Friday the 13th* series. New Line is now launching *Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3* as, hopefully, an entry in a continuing series of films about that fun-loving Texas family that chows down on passing strangers.

In the new film, Michelle and Ryan drive her father's Mercedes across Texas until they run afoul of Leatherface and his cannibal clan. Helped by a passing motorist, Michelle tries to get away from the Chainsaw family, and after much death, dismemberment and slaughter, everyone ends up in a pit of putrefying bodies.

Director Jeff (*Stepfather II*) Burr has reshaped David J. Schow's script. "The original version I read was a gore-a-thon," he claims, "purely gore for gore's sake." (Schow has another opinion; see FANGORIA #88-89.) Burr loved the first *Chainsaw*, but "absolutely despised" *Chainsaw 2*. "So my original take was to make our film more like the first movie, in the sense of unrelenting terror, but also to infuse it with a little more comedy than the first one," he clarifies. "The first one really had no comic relief at all, and was very oppressive. This film is hopefully a little more entertaining—though still on the cutting edge—than the first one was."

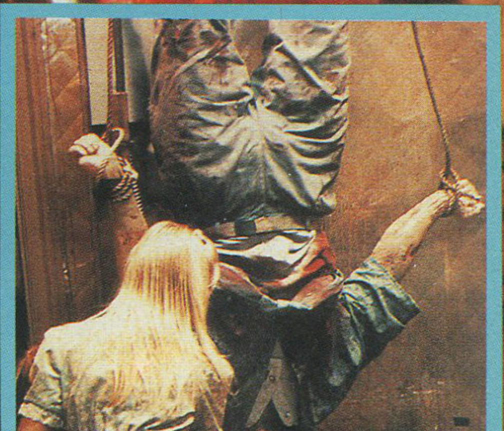
The first two *Chainsaw* films were shot on location in the Lone Star State, to get that sunbaked, down-home feel, but *Leatherface* is being shot over the hill from the Southern California amusement park Magic Mountain. "That's not my decision," states the impossibly young-looking Burr. "I think it should have been shot in Texas. It's like [director Werner] Herzog says about the 'voodoo of location.' If you get a film set where the cast and crew can't go home at night, they have nothing to think about but the movie. But here I am in Magic Mountain Texas."

A full moon hangs low over the smooth California hills, lying in fleshy folds all around the farmhouse built for the movie. Tall oak trees stand black against the deep blue of the night sky, and the location seems still, remote and isolated. A noose dangles from a tree.

In the well-worn farmhouse kitchen, the late Ryan hangs by his heels next to the pantry entryway, with meathooks through his ankles. It's bizarre to see this realistic plastic corpse dangling there while people carry on the usual set activities around the body. There's blood spattered on the floor and walls. A light sheen of red ooze even covers the framed motto on the wall, "The Lord is My Shepherd." Grandpa's desiccated corpse sits at the table, his face now caved in, his chest exploded outward in gouts of gore. Michelle, still alive, is nailed to another chain.

The Excalibur chainsaw is brought in, a sleek device with a three-foot blade. Most of it is chromed, gleaming in the hot set lights, but there's a brass plate on top and the handle is made of fresh red bone. The blade is engraved "The Saw Is Family"—the theme of the film.

A little-known ancient samurai warrior principle calls for the opponents to touch tools before battle.



Remember Amicus' *Vault of Horror*?

"One of the main things I wanted to do," Burr asserts, "was to play normal family activities against this incredibly *abnormal* family. For example, you have a perfectly normal shot of a little daughter sitting on her daddy's knee and kissing him, being told to wash up for supper—which in a normal context is quite nice, but in this film it takes on new meaning because the daddy is Leatherface."

Enthusiastic R.A. Mihailoff (pronounced Muh-HAY-loff), Burr's longtime friend who's playing Leatherface, loves to talk about this same scene.

This guy should look at the bright side: At least he's wearing overalls, so his underwear won't get messed up.

Complete with sound FX, wheezes, bulging eyes and gestures, he gleefully describes the demise of the would-be hero. Leatherface's brothers Tink and Tex have hung up Ryan, "when my little daughter comes in. 'No, wait, you said *I* could do it,' says this cute little blonde girl. One brother picks her up and says, 'Honey, you remember how to do it. Grab ahold of the cord. OK, one, two, three,' and she pulls the cord.

"It's a pendulum-swing sledgehammer, and it swings down, *ka-chung*!" he beams. "My little daughter gets a cup of blood from the head wound, brings it over, hands it to me, and I set it in front of Grandpa. Then she sits up on my lap, gives me a little kiss on the leather face and has her little doll baby give me a kiss, too, like normal people. But her little doll is the skeleton of a *real* baby!"

Viggo (*Prison*) Mortensen, playing Tex, considers it his first comedy role. "One of the most fun things about this is that the cannibal family is real close," he feels. "Even though we're screwed up by conventional standards, we have affection for each other, which makes it stranger, I think, that they do all these sick things. Makes it more interesting, anyway. I don't know; I'm in the middle of it right now, so I'm not a good judge."

After training at Marcel Marceau's mime school in France, Kate Hodge is making her movie debut as Michelle. "It's a horror film," nods gorgeous, blood-smeared Hodge, no fan of the genre. "It's kind of different because it's the girl who survives and manages to fight back and remain somehow sane throughout all her tortures. I'm trying not to make her as screaming and victimized as some of the other heroines in horror films. I want everybody to be out there rooting for me and hoping I make it through."

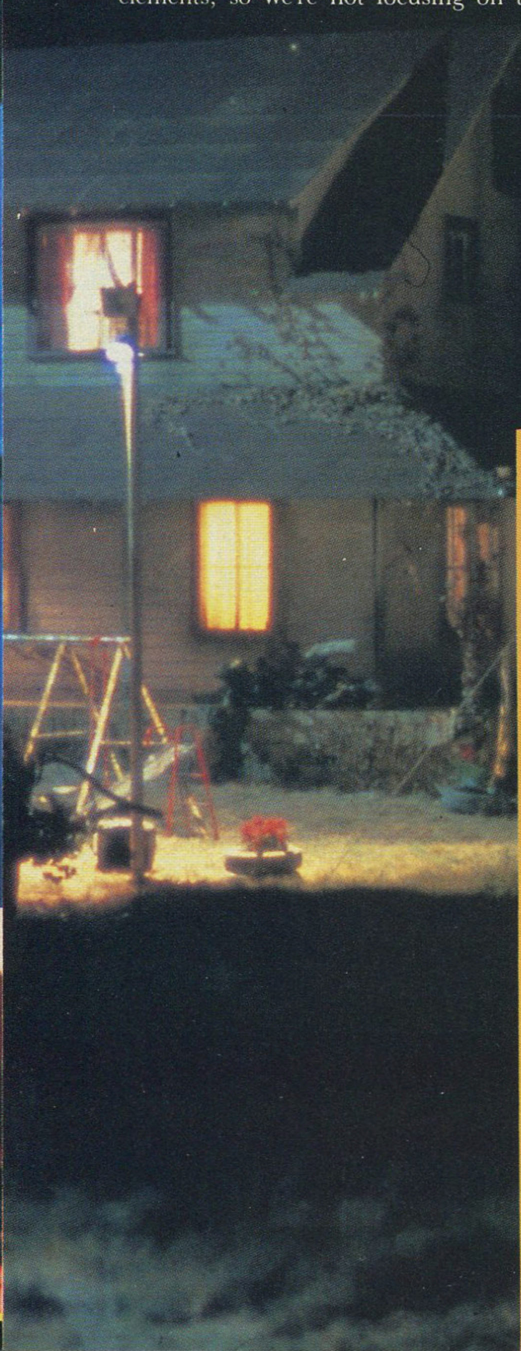
This is my second sequel," admits Burr, "and it's very difficult to direct a sequel, because you don't want to recreate the first film. I'm trying to remain true to its roots. We're creating our own world, as Tobe Hooper did, with a huge tip of the hat to him. I was told by New Line not to contact him, but I wish I had, because I think the first film is a work of art."

Smiling, slightly evasive producer Bob Engelman interjects, "We decided not to really focus on the gore aspect, which seems to be the most common way of dealing with this type of film. What we've tried to do is build up the suspense elements, so we're not focusing on the killings themselves, but on all the things that lead up to them. It is our goal to create a show that almost from the beginning starts with high tension and never lets up. I think we've succeeded."

While GOREZONE fave Greg Nicotero and his crew handle makeup FX, Tom Bellissimo is in charge of the hyper-ghastly "body pit" scenes. It seems that the Chainsaw family tosses partly used corpses into a couple of pits on their property, where the bodies slowly decompose into a kind of human stew, huge sinks of rotted slime dotted with skeletons. "One of the cool things we have is the Excalibur chainsaw, and that is going into the pit," Bellissimo enthuses. "After the engine dies, we're going to have bubbles coming out of the water so it looks like it's still going. We built another Excalibur with an air-controlled engine that will come out of the water like Jaws and go *weeeeaaaayooowww*, and it can actually work underwater. We can make it do 6,000 rpms, so it will be just like a real chainsaw, only we modified the blade so it really can't hurt anybody *too* much."

Kane Hodder, stunt coordinator on *Leatherface*, is glad to hear that. "That's going to be difficult, because no matter how warm you make the water, once you stay in there for 12 hours, you start getting uncomfortable. This is gonna be

> **"This film is hopefully a little more entertaining—though still on the cutting edge—than the first one was."**
>
> **—Jeff Burr, director**



Kate Hodge hones her Marilyn Burns impersonation.

To a Texan, that's barely a scratch.

a fun one," the friendly Hodder sighs. "We've got some pretty good action stuff in this. I already did the car crash a couple of weeks ago, then we're doing a burn in the next couple of days."

Like Burr and Mihailoff, Hodder loves the original *Chainsaw*. "I don't know if I ever saw the second one all the way through," he wonders. "They're watching it on the prop truck right now, so if I have a break, I might go look at it."

Incidentally, Hodder wants everyone to know that he is now the official Jason. He appeared in full makeup on *The Arsenio Hall Show*, and when a promotion film was made for Paramount videotapes, Hodder played Jason opposite Leslie Nielsen, who was in character as Frank Drebin of *Police Squad!* Eager to make a clean sweep of all the horror series, Hodder asserts his intention to earn a *Nightmare* credit. "Gotta do it. Gotta get all of 'em. Gotta do *Halloween*, too."

Another familiar face turning up in *Leatherface* belongs to Ken Foree, veteran of *Dawn of the Dead* and *From Beyond*, who plays ill-fated Benny, "a guy who wishes he had gone to Vietnam, but didn't make it," according to the laughing actor. "He's a novice, he really isn't the hero who comes in like Rambo. I swerve to miss a car that's going off an embankment. That's how I get involved, because once I climb out of the Jeep, I check for the other people." Since they're being chased by Leatherface, Benny is swiftly drawn into action and gets to show off his survival skills.

He survives almost to the end, ending up in the corpse casserole along with Leatherface. "I'm in a body *suit* in the body *soup*," he snickers. "R.A. and I are having this death battle, and it's nip and tuck as to who's going to win, but I am decapitated by the saw. And that's the end of wonderful Benny."

A week later, your reporter returns to see the body pit battle filmed. From a dirt road above a dry steambed, lights are visible among the saplings, and other lights glare down at the location from atop high poles. On a table not far from the body pit is the amazingly realistic head of Ken Foree, frozen in a scream of pain. You'd do the same if a chainsaw was biting through *your* neck.

The body pit itself is a pool, a cement tank sunk into the sandy soil, filled to a depth of four feet with 80-degree water that steams in the cool night air. Various

In a stroke of budget-saving brilliance, the producers hired extras from George Romero's *The Crazies*, who brought their own costumes.

The New Leatherface

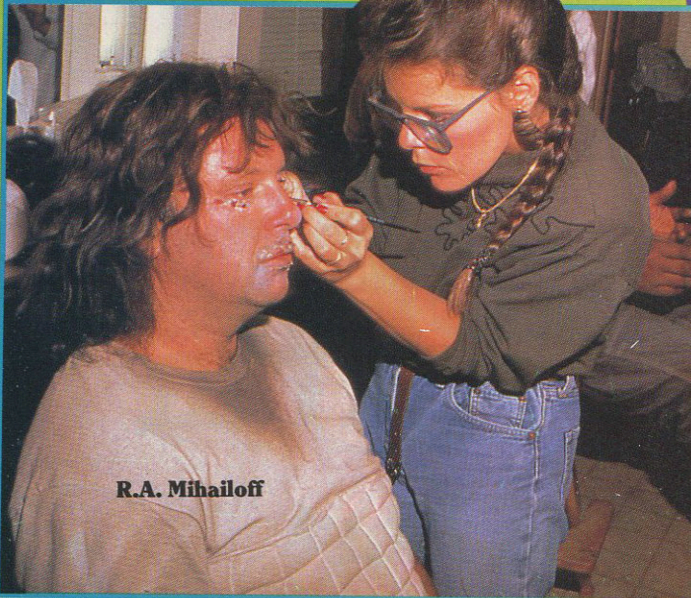
The latest man behind the human hide mask is R.A. Mihailoff, a newcomer to horror movies on *that* side of the camera, but a longtime fan on the other. He's a big, sturdily built guy, somewhere around 6-foot-3, bald with a long fringe of auburn hair. He looks like trouble, but he's puppy-friendly and crazy about playing what amounts to a monster. He doesn't find it hard.

"When you're a fan of the genre, it's easy," he scoffs. "Twenty-five years ago, when I was a kid, I sat in my room reading *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, and I'd say, 'How do you get to be the monster? How do you get to play Frankenstein? How do you get to play the Mummy and the Wolf Man?' Somehow, I found out."

OK, so there you are, watching an actor dressed as Leatherface chainsaw a victim. What the hell, you might wonder, is this guy thinking about?

"You want the truth? You want the *absolute* truth?" Mihailoff grins. He sits up and rubs his hands together, adds sound FX and *becomes* Leatherface. "We did a scene the other night, from the girl's point of view, looking at me while I was chainsawing her. Jeff [Burr] said, 'Just give me intensity, just give me intensity.' Well," he chuckles, "I'm standing there, sawin' away, gettin' down, starting to hyperventilate because the mask cuts off my breathing a little bit. The saw was getting heavy, my false teeth were loose, and the only thought in my mind was, 'When's he gonna call cut?! When's he gonna call cut!? *Arrrgg-ghhh!*' Then they said, 'Bring the saw down.' [*Takes deep, emotional breaths, easing off from the tension.*] And they loved it, you know. But the real, actual, practical side was 'How long do I have to *do* this?!' On camera, they said it read wonderfully.

"My family in the script calls me 'Junior,' which makes perfect sense to me," he goes on. "There's a scene right after I get done with the young lady. My brother Tex comes in: 'Junior, got somethin' here for ya.' He gives me a chrome chainsaw with a 3-foot blade engraved, 'The Saw is Family.' And it's the best thing Leatherface has ever seen. I look at it, and I pick it up and swing it around to test it out.


R.A. Mihailoff

"Then Tink comes in, my other brother, the one with the hook for a hand. 'Looks like you got a present for somethin' you didn't deserve. You lost [one of the victims], didn't yuh? Well, didn't yuh?' I try to make him a peace offering, a Walkman. He grabs it, and throws it into the fire. I get [*flushes face, speaks angrily through clenched teeth*] POed, man. I walk over and grab him and put him in the mighty vice, and I force him to the floor, and I slam open the door where the fire is. He knows what he's gotta do, so he starts to reach in with his hook hand. I smack the hook down and grab his flesh hand, and make him reach in with that. [*Grunts from exertion and tension.*] He grabs the Walkman and gives it to me. I throw him on the floor and pop out the cassette, throw the Walkman back in. Then I walk over to my mom." He holds out his hands in a pathetic gesture, cupping the imaginary cassette in them, making little whimpering noises. "Make it better, Ma. She pats me on the head, gives me a little kiss on the forehead. 'There now, it's OK, it's OK. Why don't you go out and do your lessons?' "

Mihailoff is *up* for the role—and whatever else you might have handy. "They snatched me from relative obscurity and made a monster out of me," he smiles. "I'll be in my dressing room! Call my agent!"

—Bill Warren

---

set workers, mostly grips, wade around in the pit to shove Spanish moss and floating bones into position for the upcoming shot.

There's more moss hanging from the trees and branches artfully arranged above and around the pit, with a camouflage net suspended over the whole thing to cast the right kind of mottled shadows. There are two cameras filming the scene: a conventional one perched on the very edge of the pit, and another in a Plexiglas floating container to get shots from the level of the water itself.

Both Kane Hodder and R.A. Mihailoff are in the water, identically clad in slacks, pink dress shirts and $55 Armani ties. Both wear scraggly brown wigs and wet suits under their clothes. Hodder helps choreograph the violent fistfight between Leatherface and Benny, but most of the moves are worked out by Foree himself, with Mihailoff listening intently and following directions.

There are a few set visitors tonight, because the scene is so unusual. One is Len Wein, comic book writer and no stranger to Spanish moss or water, since he created *Swamp Thing*. He and one of the crew trade comments about *The Laughing Dead*; the crewman worked on the film, in which Wein played one of the toppling corpses.

> **"No matter how warm you make the water [in the body pit], once you stay in there for 12 hours, you start getting uncomfortable."**
> **—Kane Hodder, stunt coordinator**

When the scene rolls, Tom Bellissimo cranks up the air-powered Excalibur saw, thrusting skyward from the water just behind the struggling actors. A geyser of water, impelled by the chain, sprays skyward. Leatherface and Benny erupt from the water, already fighting; they throw punches at one another, and when Benny grabs a stick and starts to throttle his cannibal opponent, Leatherface slams Benny in the gut with an elbow and gets the upper hand. He forces Benny back toward the buzzing, spraying saw, and—

"Cut!" calls Jeff Burr, also in a wet suit. The cameras are reset for a different angle, and Bob Engelman assures everyone that the decapitation will be done again tonight. Later, alas, the scene is scrubbed until the following night, so you GOREZONE readers dying to see that shot for yourselves will just have to buy a ticket to *Leatherface: Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3*.

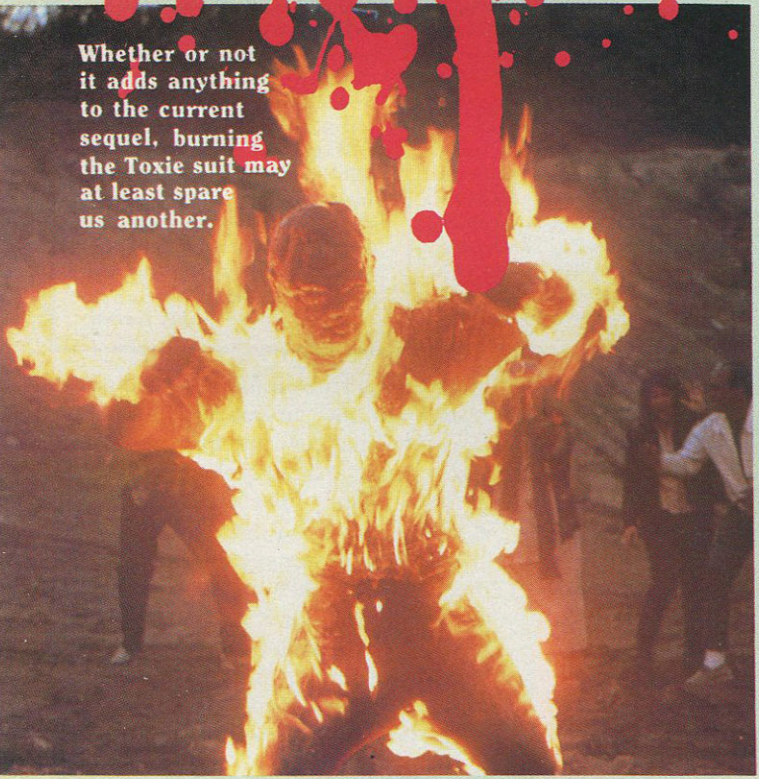
But you were going to do that anyway, weren't you? ✸

Photos: Copyright 1989 New Line Cinema

THE TOXIC AVENGER PART III

The Last Temptation of Toxie

The name is Avenger—Toxic Avenger.



Whether or not it adds anything to the current sequel, burning the Toxie suit may at least spare us another.

It had to be. It just had to be. No how, no way would the Troma Team let the Toxic Avenger off the hook and retire the ol' sludgehead. With the speed of a chattering Geiger counter, Troma has bashed out this second sequel starring their most successful film character. As we speak, *The Toxic Avenger Part II* premieres on home video while its sequel sets sail for bijou playdates. Back again as Toxie will be Ron Fazio; other returning cast includes Phoebe Legere playing Claire and Rick Collins as the dastardly bad guy who undermines Toxie's morals.

Troma's head craze-o is Lloyd Kaufman, a name not unfamiliar to the GOREZONE set. His penchant for far-out comedy is well known, and it's Kaufman's wild eye that guided Toxie on his newest challenge. "What makes the Toxic Avenger different from other superheroes is that he ages and develops as each film goes on. In the first film, he was a teenager; in the second, he was coming into adulthood, and in *Part III*, he has become an adult. We have here a Hamlet!" the bearded auteur declares. "He is torn between his crime-fighting instincts and the love he has for a woman. It's an identity crisis." Sounds like Shakespeare to us!

It's hard to imagine, what could possibly tempt a pure, lovable, above-board and oh-so-ugly superhero like Toxie. "He faces big problems," Kaufman discloses seriously. "His girlfriend Claire—who is now his fiance—is blind, and he takes a job working for the giant international conglomerate Apocalypse Inc. The chairman of this conglomerate tempts Toxie with money to become the company spokesperson, and it is the exact amount he needs for an eye operation to restore Claire's sight. The influence of this corporation is so strong that he's sucked in and before long becomes evil. It's revealed that the chairman is none other than Satan, and the Toxic Avenger has unwittingly sold his soul for money!"

Keeping with Troma tradition, this Faustian follow-up features special FX that emphasize the *special* aspect. "*Toxic II* had more action stunts and chases, whereas *Part III* has more science fiction-like effects. One of the things the devil does is transform the Toxic Avenger back into the 98-pound weakling Melvin. He melts, explodes, implodes. It's a terrific effect. The climactic battle between Toxie and Satan is done in the form of a video game. Toxie loves video games," Kaufman titters. "It resembles a full-sized version of Mario Bros. Satan creates five levels of doom that the Toxic Avenger must surmount: earth, air, fire, water and then the mind."

With the legions of Toxic Avenger fans worldwide and still growing, director Kaufman proclaims his latest film the best of the series. "We all believe this is a better film," he vows. "The lead performers are better, and the FX are better. Our biggest audience is right here in America, and Michael Herz is negotiating now for what we hope will become a Toxic Avenger action figure. The character has accrued a lot of interest and fan following. *Toxic II* still hasn't opened in some foreign territories, like Germany and France, but we're going ahead with the release of *III*."

Carl Morano, director of theatrical distribution at

In a Bergmanesque moment, our waste-addled hero confronts his existential angst or something.

Toxic Photos: Copyright 1989 Troma Inc.

All of his footage in *Toxic Avenger Part II* was deleted, but Satan wasn't so lucky this time out.

Troma, is quick to note that the company is one of the last to handle its own product. "We book and ship our own prints, place our own ads and promote the films,'' Morano states with pride. "In the case of *Toxic III*, we're playing it in all the major cities, which is unheard of for the small independents. Lloyd and Michael are totally committed to the theatrical experience. This kind of film was once relegated to grindhouses and drive-ins, whereas now we get exclusive bookings from upscale theaters."

The way Kaufman tells it, this is one movie those art joints won't want to skip. "When you see our devil appear, he's green, not the expected red," Kaufman details. "In a recent *Wall Street Journal* article, it was mentioned that our devil was green because we were too cheap to buy red paint! That's not true, because anyone who knows anything about makeup is aware that one color doesn't cost more than the next. We chose green for its aesthetic value. Red makes for a trite devil. Ours is more animalistic, more reptilian. It works."

For *Toxic III*, Kaufman attributes a good deal of the creative gore juices to Pericles (*Redneck Zombies*) Lewnes. "Peri came up with a lot of the ideas for the gore effects. There is an excellent scene in a video store where Peri gets his head twisted off,'' Kaufman raves. "The unrated version of this film will be great, of course. For gore fanatics, it's loaded. We see hands get shoved into video machines while on the monitor you see it going through the works. Another guy gets his face erased on the bulk degausser.

''The video store scene speaks to the video business as a whole," he adds. "The fictional Apocalypse Inc. is forcing the Tromaville video stores to stock only *their* movies. It relates to what's happening today."

With *Toxic III* in the can, Kaufman is especially hopeful for the newest Troma comedy effort, *Kabukiman*. "Tokyo is becoming the new center of the world, and this is an issue we'll deal with in *Kabukiman*," he reveals. "We're trying a different approach in this next film. It's a give-and-take relationship between a woman named Lotus and a cop named Griswald. They're personifications of the relationship we're having with Japan right now. Griswald is a detective who through fate is given the gift of becoming a kabuki. It's something new for us. The setting is New York, and we'll be shooting in all the boroughs." The Troma Team are not alone on this one; two Japanese companies are coproducing. ''Gaga Communications and Namco are our two partners. They have sent three people who will organize and oversee the kabukiman, advising us on real kabuki movements.

"What this film will lack is the overload of body parts and body pulp," Kaufman predicts. "It will be more weird. We're simply trying something different in the same way we did *Waitress!*, *Stuck On You* and *Squeeze Play*. We weren't always in the splatter business. *Kabukiman* will transform and fly. His transformation will be more beautiful and butterfly-like."

With Kaufman and company exploring new ground, one can almost hear the Toxic Avenger's death knell ringing. "We will continue it as long as the fans want us to," Kaufman swears. ''If they don't want him, he retires. We're writing *Toxic IV* right now. He runs for Congress and wins. He sets off for Australia and it becomes *Crocodile Dundee* in reverse. It's too early to tell if we'll ever make it."

—Tim Ferrante

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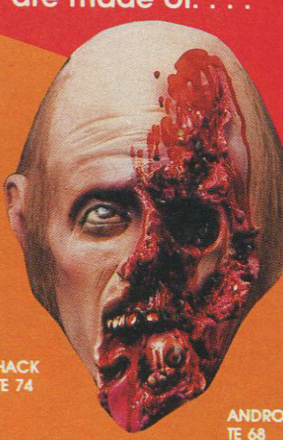
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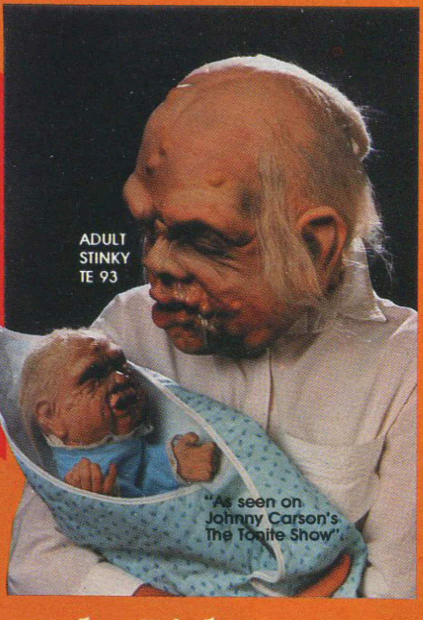

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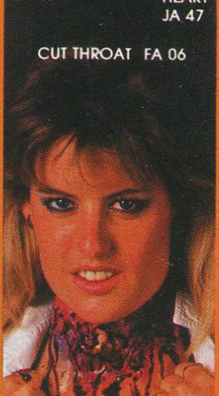

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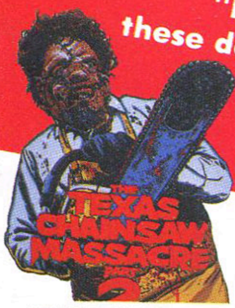
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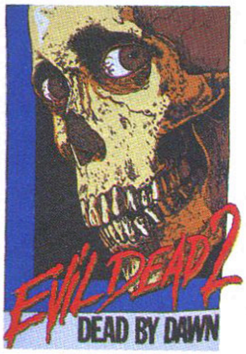
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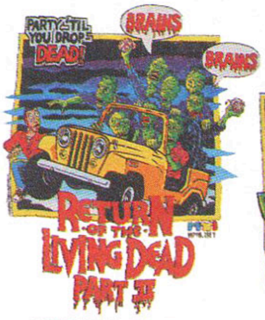
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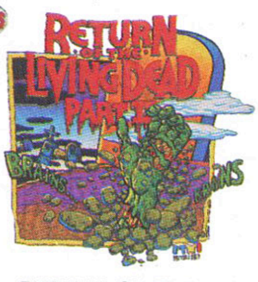
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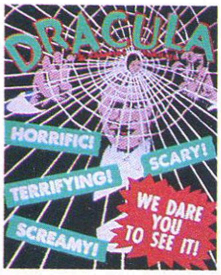
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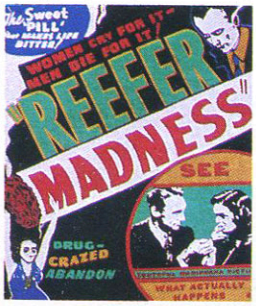
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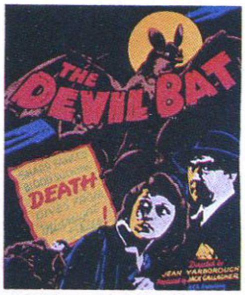
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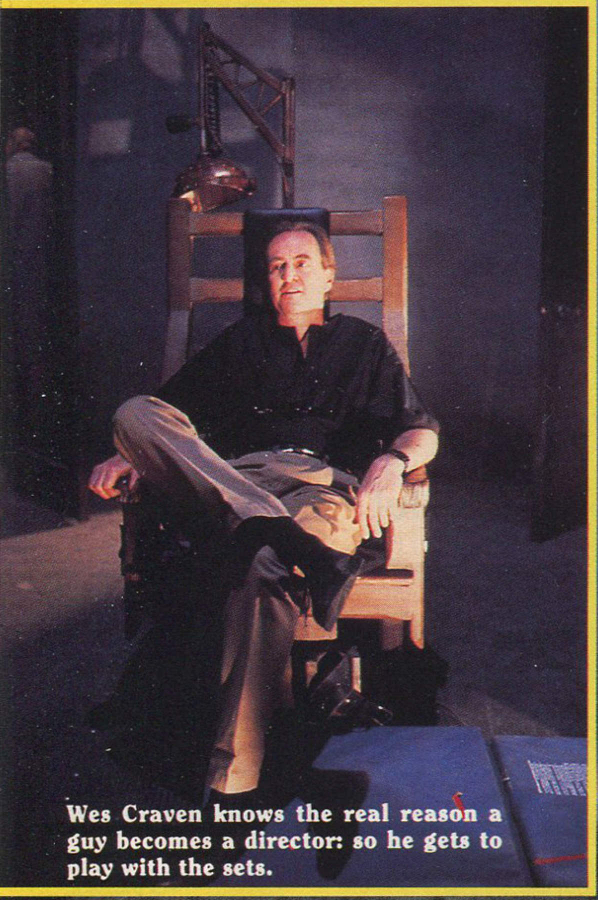
PROFILE

IS WES CRAVEN

"Certainly the deepest horror, as far as I'm concerned, is what happens to your body at your own hands and others'."



Wes Craven knows the real reason a guy becomes a director: so he gets to play with the sets.

Wes Craven has seen the light. "*Shocker* represents the end of a three-year personal trial for me," he decides. "I'm coming out of a long divorce and a couple of nuisance lawsuits. Just finishing all that, being very settled in my own mind and getting involved in *Shocker*—a picture I had total creative freedom in making—has made this a very good year for me."

Craven waxes introspective in a crowded Southern California restaurant, where he's making short work of a monster burger and fries. His gaunt features, which portray the director as one constantly at peace or in deep thought, are punctuated these days by smiles and laughter. This change has not escaped Craven's attention.

"I guess I've gotten a lot happier in the course of my life," he reflects. "I feel like I've *learned* how to be happier."

Craven's newfound wild and crazy status was not lost on the *Shocker* cast and crew. Mitch Pileggi, who plays serial killer Horace Pinker, recalls, "Wes was often the funniest guy on the set. He'd really bust me up when he'd start doing his Horace imitations." The consensus from those attending the *Shocker* wrap party was that working for Craven was the most fun they'd ever had on a film.

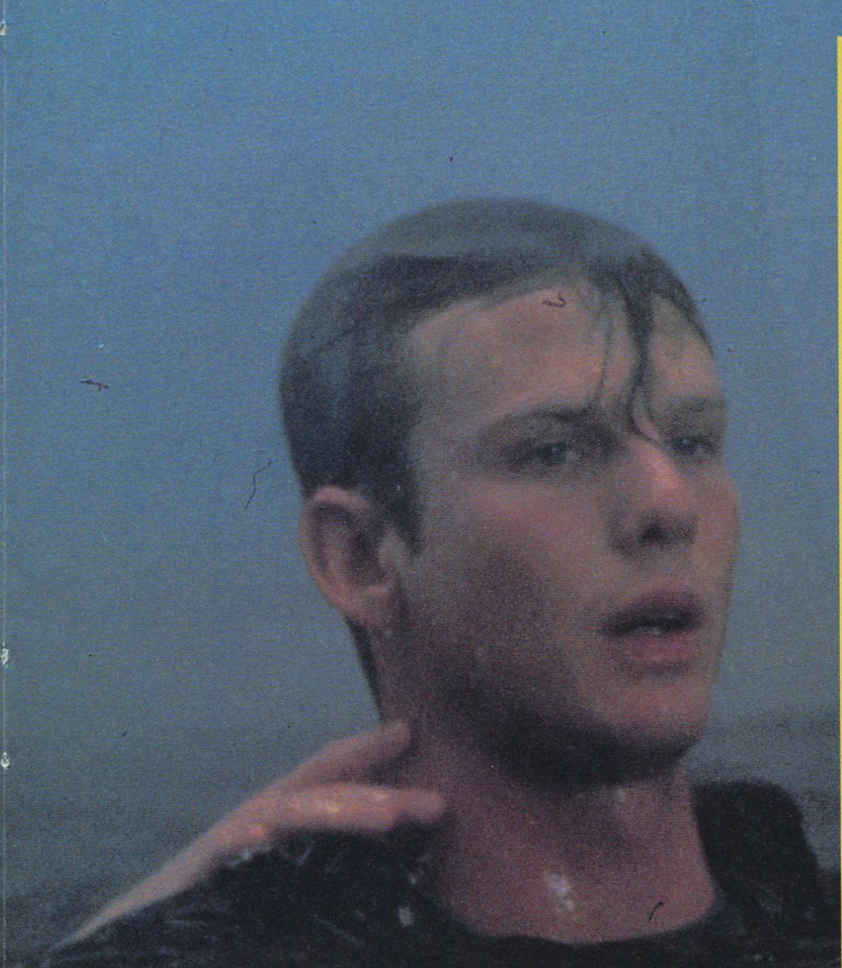
Craven acknowledges the cheerful tone on his set but downplays his own contribution. "There was very much a fun spirit, a kind of 'Let's go make a movie' attitude that really hasn't been there for me since *Last House on the Left*," he smiles. "I was very relaxed and controlled, which is a way I haven't been in a long time."

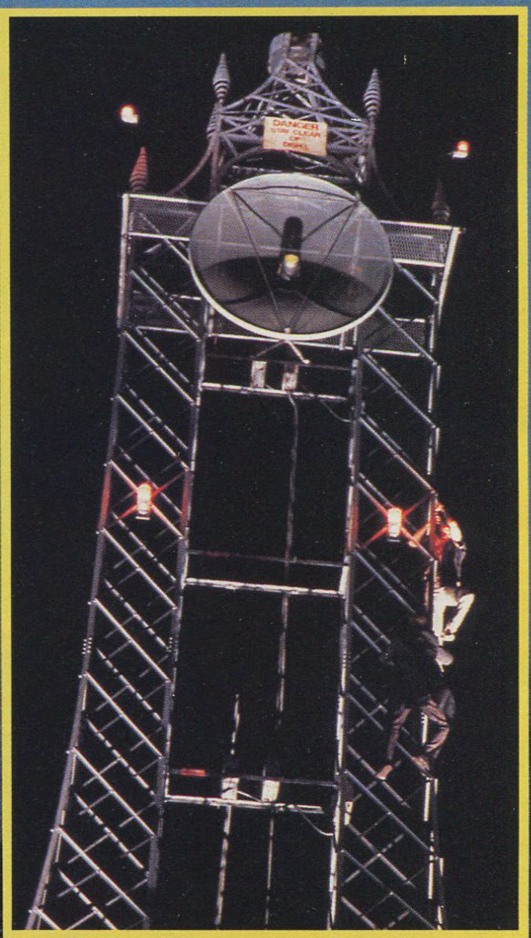
Those familiar with Wes Craven's career know the depth of the director's statement. Even when *The Serpent and the Rainbow* effectively put Craven on the comeback trail, the filmmaker was far from at ease. We all know that final rites have been performed on Craven's career on several occasions (most notably just after *The Hills Have Eyes 2*), only to see the resilient talent bounce back. While Craven undoubtedly has what it takes to keep rebounding from adversity, even he admits to haboring second thoughts during the bout of bum luck he first encountered midway through Warner Bros.' *Deadly Friend*.

"Shooting on the Warners' lot did not suit me very well," he grimaces. "It was a tough picture with a lot of studio people

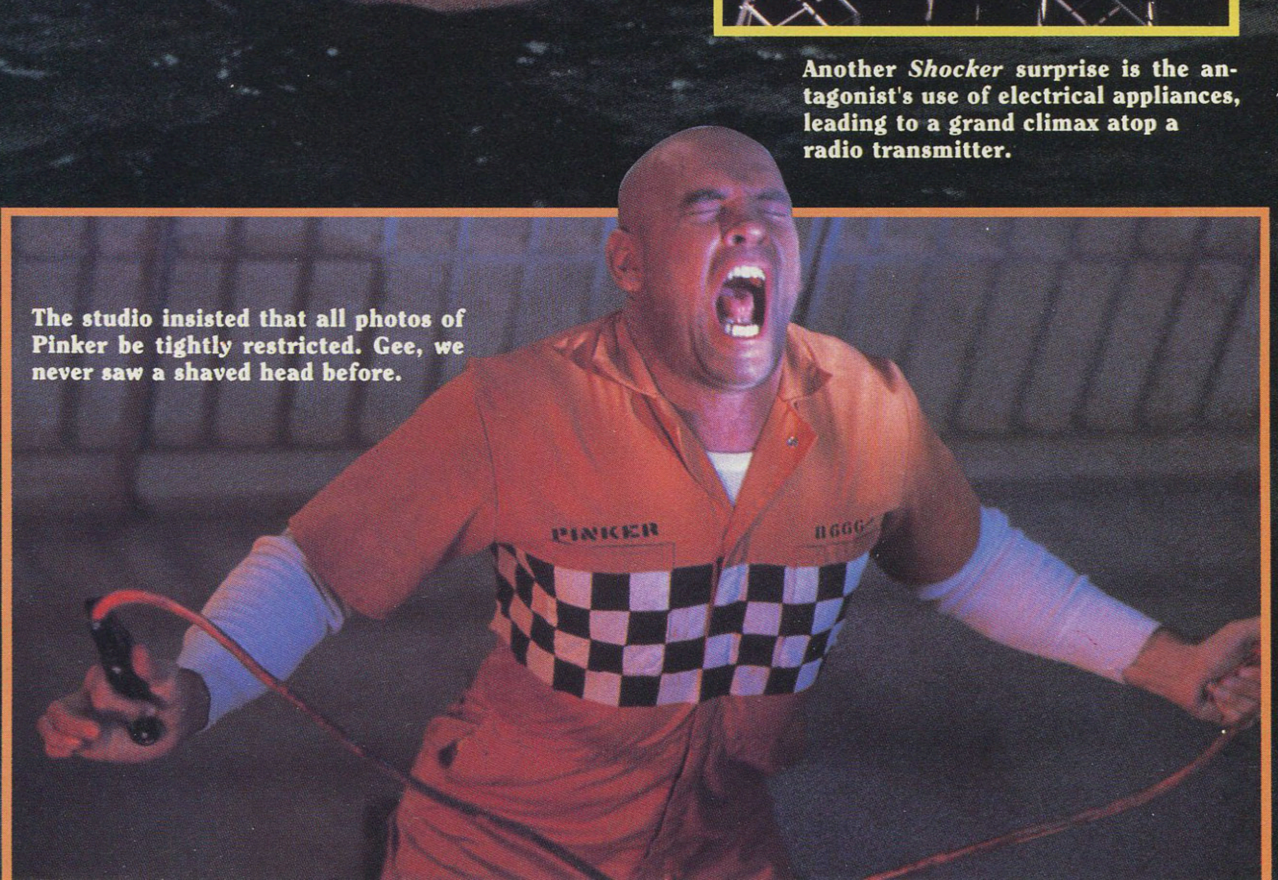
STILL SCARED?

By MARC SHAPIRO

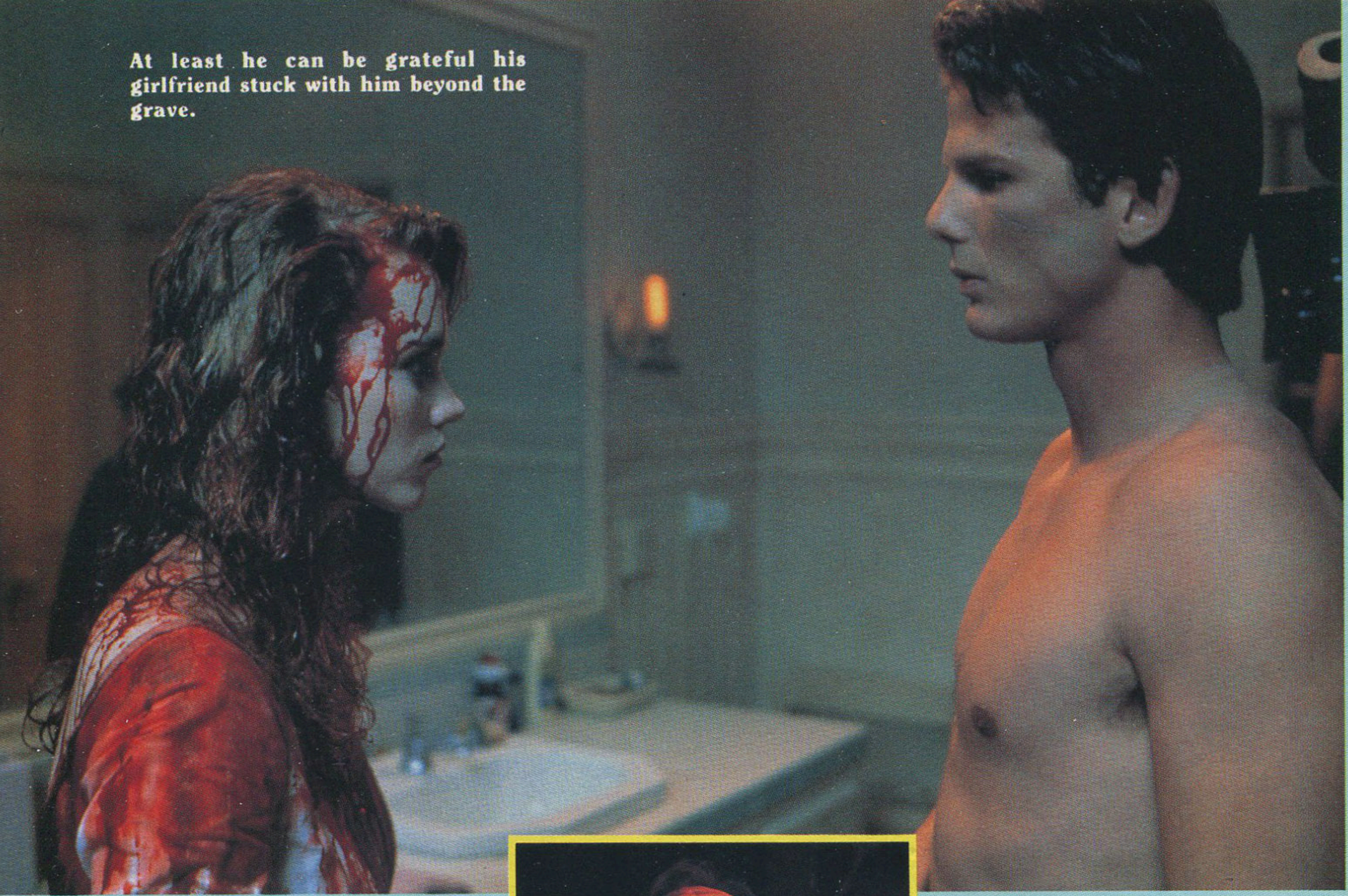



DANGER
STAY CLEAR
OF
DISH

Another *Shocker* surprise is the antagonist's use of electrical appliances, leading to a grand climax atop a radio transmitter.


PINKER
B666

The studio insisted that all photos of Pinker be tightly restricted. Gee, we never saw a shaved head before.

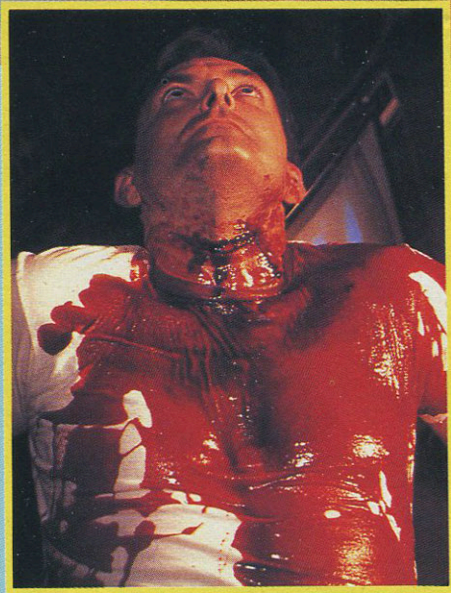

At least he can be grateful his girlfriend stuck with him beyond the grave.

All Photos: Peter Iovino/Copyright 1989 Universal City Studios

looking over my shoulder. During that time, I met with Chris Reeve about directing *Superman IV*, and I felt I had the job, only to discover that Reeve felt I couldn't handle a big picture.

"At that point, it seemed like every piece of shit hit the fan at once," Craven winces. "Right after I lost *Superman IV*, I found out my wife wanted a divorce, and I was raked over the financial coals for that. There were a couple of nuisance suits against me for about $30 million, and some bad feelings with New Line."

Good fortune lent a hand at that point in the guise of *The Serpent and the Rainbow*. "The timing with *Serpent* was good, because it got me out of the country awhile and onto a big picture. Once I got onto that picture, things began to turn around for me," Craven nods.


Jonathan Parker (Peter Berg) arrives home on his birthday to make a disheartening discovery.

> "When you're starting out in this business, you've almost got to expect to give up most or all of your rights to get something done."

To that end, a heretofore unrealized element of Wes Craven's psyche has found a home on the CBS television series *The People Next Door*. The half-hour comedy, focusing on a cartoonist (Jeffrey Jones) whose imagination is so vivid that things he thinks about just pop into existence, may appear a startling development in a career that has seen Craven create three of our most gruesome nightmares, the original *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *The Hills Have Eyes* and *Last House on the Left*.

"There's always been a sense of humor in my work," argues Craven. "The only difference is that now I'm letting the humor come to the forefront."

One has to wonder, however, now that Craven perceives humor as a more upfront tool, whether his notion of what is scary has changed as well. "I don't think I see horror any differently," counters Craven. "The best horror still relates to the first five years of a person's life and the two houses most important in that person's life: the house where you're raised and the house that is your body. Those are the areas I continue to explore in my films. Certainly the deepest horror, as far as I'm concerned, is what happens to your body at your own hands and others."

As the conversation continues, Craven expresses hope that the standard journalistic targets of his past are off the firing range for good. "I've really gotten tired of going over familiar ground," he smirks. "Everybody knows about my growing up in a fundamentalist religious household and that I was a college professor. That's old news.

"It would be silly to deny that my upbringing led to the rage and the special sort of weird vision I seem to have," Craven adds. "I grew up in the middle of

World War II. Most of my early memories were of bombs and bodies. Growing up when and where I did [Cleveland] certainly gave me a different take on things."

Wes Craven's opinion on where his *A Nightmare on Elm Street* series has gone also seems to have mellowed. He couches his dislike for "the confusing and unclear story" on *Nightmare 2* in less harsh tones than in years gone by, and he even has some nice things to say about what ultimately resulted in a reworking of his and Bruce Wagner's script for *Nightmare 3*. One senses a learned diplomacy at work when he dismisses *Nightmare 4*: "I liked the effects."

The Elm Street series is obviously out of his hands, but Craven offers a scenario on how he would like to see the Krueger saga finally end. "I heard this idea offered by a reporter on a newspaper," explains Craven, "and it sounded perfect to me, although it would end in a way that I'm sure the audience would not like. I would have the central character in the last film recognize Freddy as being himself. He would accept him, and at the end of the film, the two would merge.

"Of course, it's a moot point," he stipulates with a chuckle, "because I'm sure New Line has no plans to end the *Nightmare* films real soon."

There's nary a hint of sarcasm or bitterness as he predicts a long New Line ride for *Nightmare*. In fact, with his New Line legal entanglements finally over, Craven sounds downright positive. "At this point, I feel that New Line engaged in nothing more than normal street business," he reasons. "They took the chance on funding *Nightmare* when I was a filmmaker with little more than a cult following. When you're starting out in this business, you've almost got to expect to give up most or all of your rights to get something done. It's business reality."

The reality is also that Wes Craven, on the strength of *Serpent* and *Shocker*, is definitely far removed from giving away the store to get things done. Many insiders feel Craven has gotten the last laugh after years of struggling with an up-and-down career. Craven doesn't see it that way.

"I've never done anything just to get even," he protests. When you do that, you invest your life with a lot of negative bullshit. My best revenge is having a good and productive life. I've basically reached a point in my life where I've let all the crap go and I'm moving on. I'm not angry anymore."

***Shocker*'s possession aspect makes Pinker a supernatural threat above all his slasher contemporaries.**

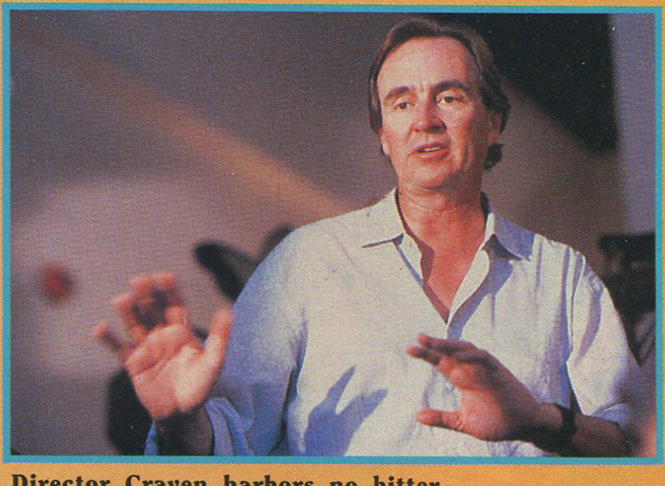
The Last Word on "Last House"

The original uncut version of *The Last House on the Left* was in theaters for such a short period of time that what has or has not been censored from this gore classic is almost legendary (see this month's Video Watchdog column on page 62). Wes Craven recently made an attempt to give the lowdown on *Last House*.

"Our first cut of the film ran 90 minutes and was out in theaters about 10 days to two weeks," chronicles Craven. "Sean Cunningham and I became convinced that it was simply too much, that we'd both be sent to Devil's Island if we didn't make some cuts."

The first cut—a complete deletion, according to Craven—was the scene where the girl has a name carved in her chest. The second cut, the murder of Phyllis, is an edit Craven claims he truly regrets having had to make. "In the original scene," the director sighs, "Phyllis was repeatedly stabbed until a loop of her intestine was hanging out. The killers all suddenly were sickened and staggered away. We edited that sequence to a real quick series of cuts, and then we were into the next scene."

Craven theorizes that the reason people claim to have seen so many different versions of the film (one rumored to have as much as *20 minutes* removed!) is that haphazard deletions were made after Craven and Cunningham's voluntary snips. "Other cuts were made ad hoc by distributors and even individual theater owners," he confides. "We'd get prints back where completely different elements of the same film were cut out and thrown away."



Director Craven harbors no bitterness, not even against the people who mutilated *Last House on the Left*.

Last House was a one-of-a-kind filmmaking experience for Craven, albeit one that he has no desire to ever duplicate. "*Last House on the Left* was 20 years ago in my own personal development," he confesses. "That film was a real thing of rage for me, and I'm not angry enough to go back and see if I can do that kind of down and dirty story again."

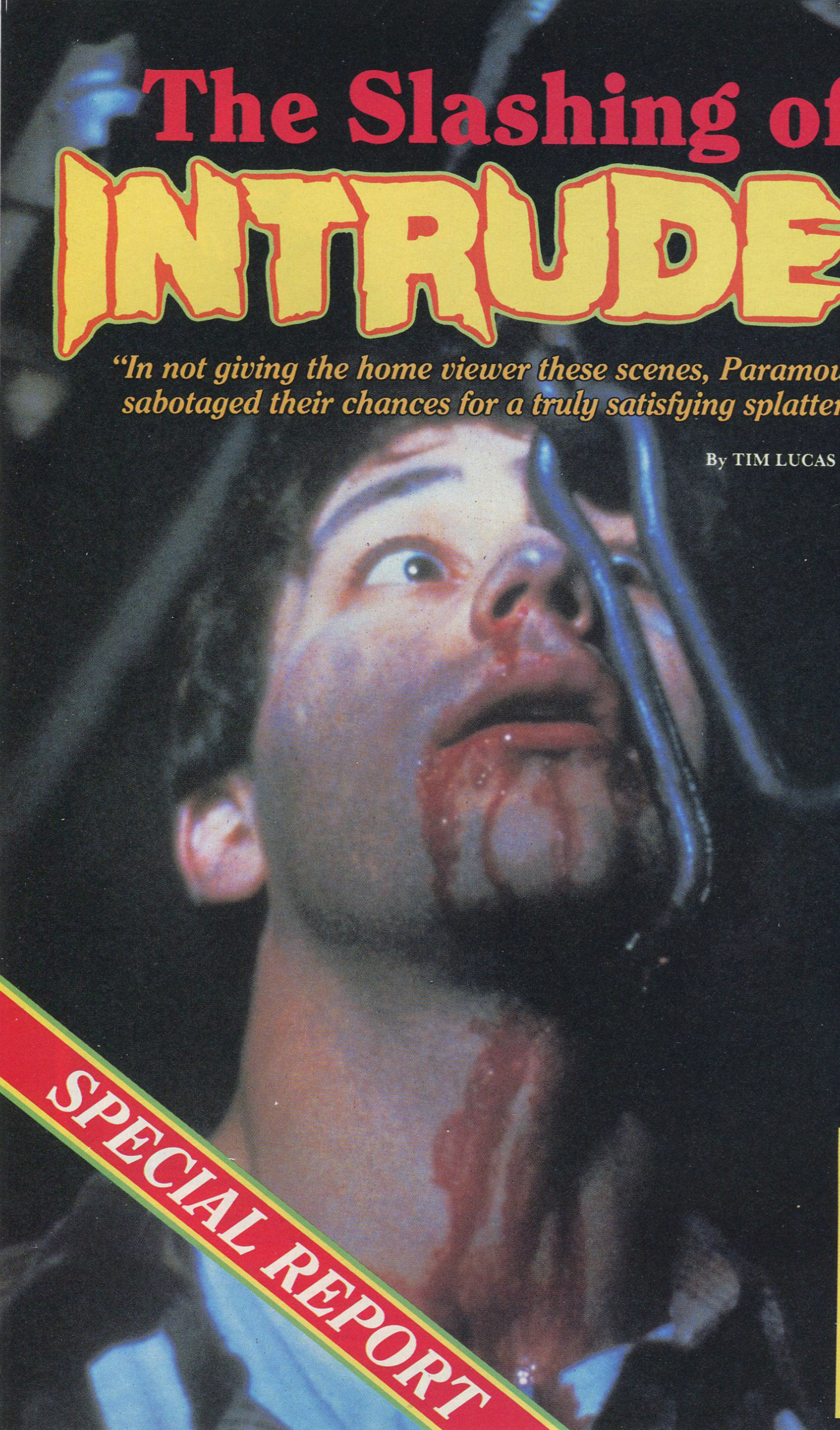
—Marc Shapiro

The Slashing of INTRUDER

"In not giving the home viewer these scenes, Paramount has sabotaged their chances for a truly satisfying splatterfest."

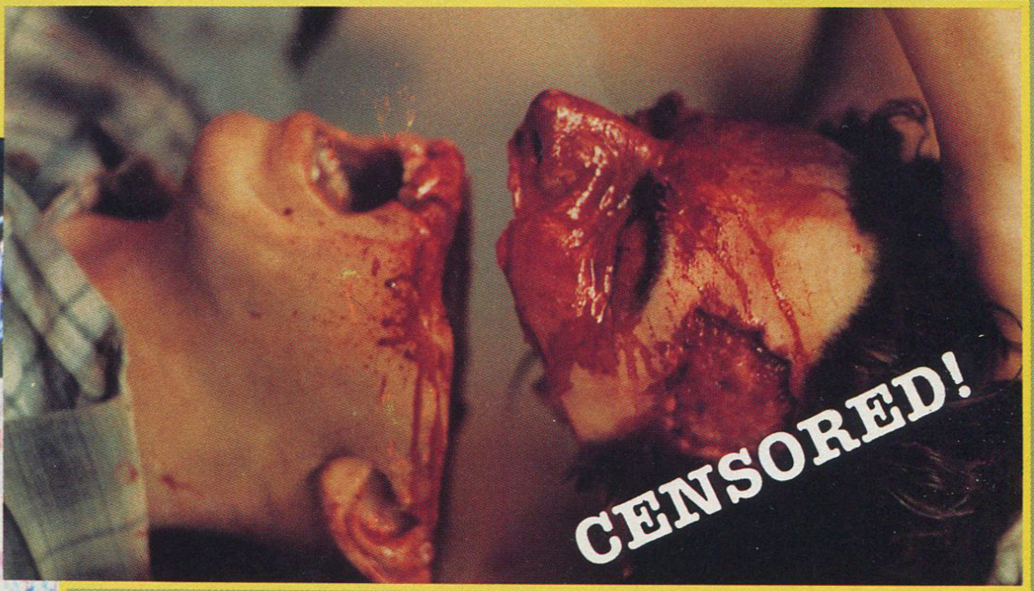
By TIM LUCAS

SPECIAL REPORT



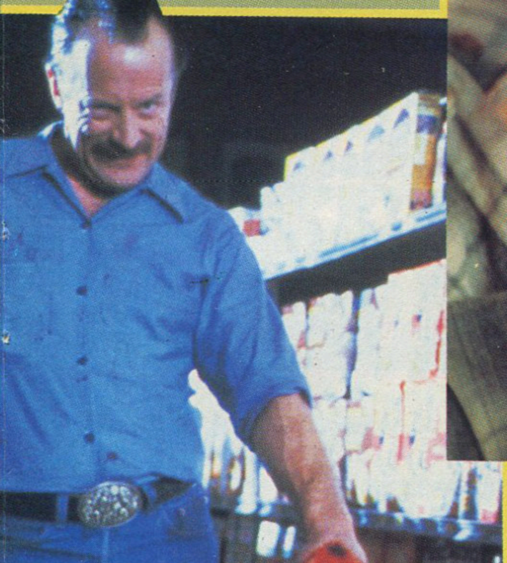
In *Intruder*, splattermeister Sam Raimi finally got his—but costs prevented his demise from getting too graphic.

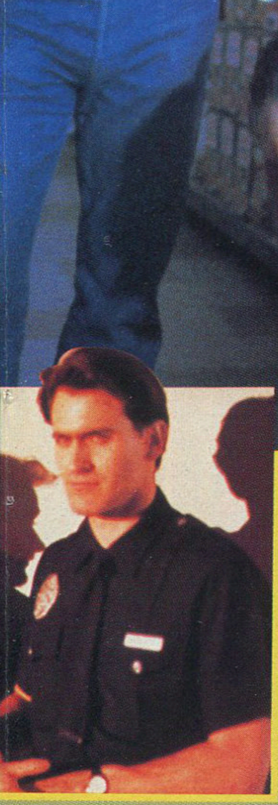
When Scott Spiegel's *Intruder* was profiled in GOREZONE #6 (the one with the offensive cover), its enthusiastic director was quoted, "We're going to have that triple-X version for video release." Unfortunately, there's been a lot of blood under the bridge since then. The film was produced with the expectation of being released by Empire, the demise of which left *Intruder* in the care of Paramount Home Video—who has a policy about releasing unrated films that weren't made before 1967. The R-rated *Intruder* is the only version on the market, the only version we're likely to ever see on the market, and it's about three minutes shorter than what we were expecting.



After all the problems this darned head has caused us, Paramount cuts it *out* of the flick?!

In case you haven't seen *Intruder* yet, we thought we'd ruin the surprise ending for you.





A complete stranger to gore movies, Bruce Campbell only appeared after being convinced by director Spiegel (left).

Photos: Courtesy Scott Spiegel

This is especially bad news because, in its uncut form, *Intruder* is one of the most stylish and visually creative slasher films in years. Set in a supermarket after hours, the film exploits an eerie neon nightmare setting that hasn't been milked for unease so well since Willard Huyck's *Messiah of Evil* (1973), and Spiegel fleshes it out with the kind of practical insight that can only be won from years of living and toiling in such places. While it suffers from certain inadequacies of dialogue and performance (not to mention the dreaded he's-still-not-dead cliches), *Intruder* excels on the level of detail. Spiegel isn't afraid of getting In There with his camera and creating artful, sometimes hysterical, signature touches that set his film apart (many of which would have taken the film over budget and were accommodated at Spiegel's own expense). There are certain shots in *Intruder* (even the R-rated version) which recall such disparate influences as *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman*, *Halloween* and a Spiegel favorite, the "Drop of Water" episode from Mario Bava's *Black Sabbath*; I'll leave the pleasure of spotting them to you.

The $500,000 budget quoted in GOREZONE #6 was a projected budget only, and Spiegel now quotes the budget of the completed feature at only $130,000—less than half the reported budget of the 10-second computer-generated Paramount logo seen at the top of the video!

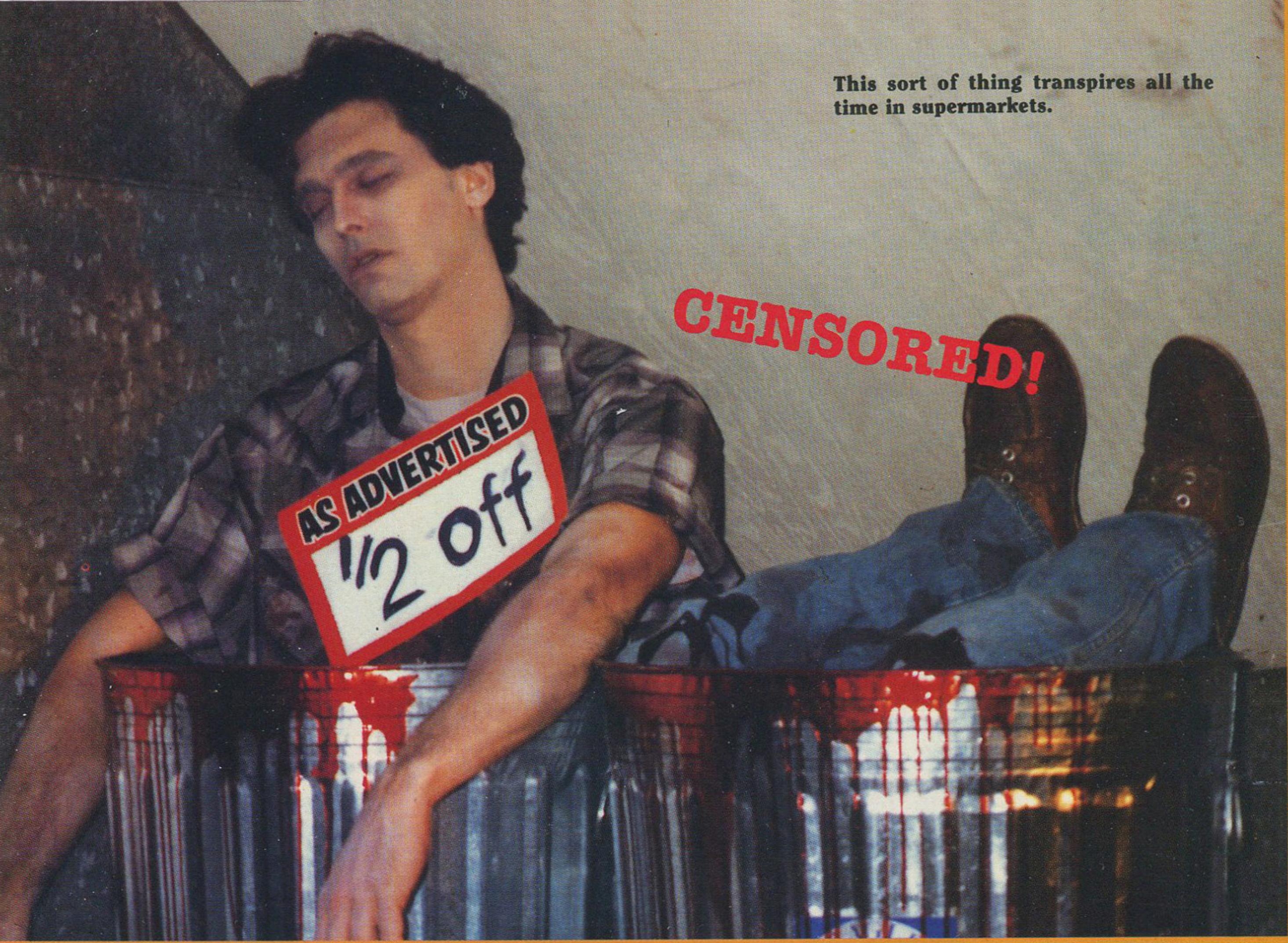
With Spiegel's help and the privileged loan of an uncensored tape, the Video Watchdog has assembled this shot-by-shot description of the missing footage:

1: Danny (Eugene Glazer), the store's owner, has his eye impaled on the spindle—a medium profile shot of the prosthetic head with spike penetrating the eye, blood jetting from the wound; blood drips onto the bulb of an overturned lamp on the floor; Danny's convulsing hand triggers the desktop calculator, which adds up the damages; blood drips lavishly over the bulb until the light on the ceiling is tinted red.

2: After Produce Joe (Ted Raimi) gets the butcher knife in the back of his head, there is an additional medium shot of blood dripping freely down the right side of his face.

3: After Tim (Craig Stark) is stabbed in the stomach inside the cooler, the medium profile shot continues as blood sprays everywhere a la Kurosawa's *Sanjuro*; a front view medium shot as Tim groans in pain, blood squirting upwards from the bottom of the screen; a shot of generic beer cans getting spritzed with the overflow; another medium shot of Tim, as he grows faint from the liquid sound FX; a close side view as his hands grip the blade; a close-up of his bloody hands squeezing the bloody knife in his bloody wound; another medium shot as he listens to his life dripping away.

4: The trash compactor scene: a long shot as the compactor descends while the


This sort of thing transpires all the time in supermarkets.

Intruder holds the struggling Bub's head onto the flatbed; cut to a lower left hand view of the compactor denting his face; blood flecks the surface of a netted wall as the screams give way to crunching, gristly, visceral noises; a medium shot of Bub's legs and feet as they lose their fight and come to rest; a shot of the hydraulic neck of the press moving down; another long shot of the press coming to rest on the flatbed as the body convulses in the background; another lower left hand view as Bub's head pops like a balloon, splashing the press; another shot of the hydraulic neck of the press as it lifts, blood oozing down the steel pipe.

5: Randy (Sam Raimi), the store's butcher, is murdered by being lifted onto a meathook. His impalement on the hook, through his lower jaw, is not shown in the unrated version; according to Spiegel, there wasn't sufficient time to film Raimi's prosthetic head properly. There are, however, two views of Randy's dangling body: a straightforward medium shot followed by an extreme low angle as his pierced throat drips blood onto the floor (the camera lens itself!).

6: After Dave (Billy Marti) falls from the ladder following a surprise grappling with the eyeless Danny, there is a shot of Danny, leaning over the wooden rungs, picking feebly at his hollow socket, milking blood from it that drips, as the camera tilts, down five rungs and the wall behind as well.

Jennifer lands face-to-face with Tim's severed torso, propped up inside a bucket and displaying a sign that reads, "1/2 OFF!"

7: The most intrusive cut on the Para-

Don't you wish this would happen to video censors?

mount release happens after Dave is struck by the meat cleaver, which segues from the dropped weapon to an exterior shot of the market. In the uncut version, we cut from the dropped meat cleaver to an overhead shot of Dave being dragged by his ankles across the floor, trying in vain to reach the cleaver; Dave's POV of the ceiling, hooks, lamp, etc.; the overhead shot briefly continued; the POV shot continued as a band saw looms into view; a medium close shot as Dave's head slams down on the band saw table, the saw in line just above his ear; a close-up of the saw's teeth; a close-up of the power switch as the Intruder's hand turns the apparatus on; a close-up of the saw's teeth as they come alive; return to the medium close shot as the Intruder's hand grips Dave around the throat, guiding his head toward the blade; a new long shot angle as Dave's body thrashes, trying to fight free, the Intruder's shadowy form holding him still; upside-down overhead shot of the band saw tearing through Dave's grimacing (now prosthetic) face at his upper gum line; a medium close shot of saw cutting through prosthetic head's cheekbones; a shot of the spinning rotors as meat and gristle dribble everywhere; the upside-down overhead shot continues as the band saw takes the top half of Dave's head off; the rotors shot continues, camera tilting down to show the volume of gristle and gore gathering in the works; the long shot continues as body thrashes in agony; back to the close-up on the switch as the Intruder's hand kills the power.

(The above description doesn't come close to capturing the unnerving power of this highly convincing scene, which puts the head-drill highlight from Fulci's *Gates of Hell* to shame. The scene, which bears a soundtrack that sounds like a dentist office nightmare, lasts just over one minute. Spiegel says of this completely excised scene, "Paramount doesn't want to *know* from band saws!")

8: While seeking sanctuary in the meat locker, Jennifer (Elizabeth Cox) unknowingly flattens an eyeball under her Reeboks.

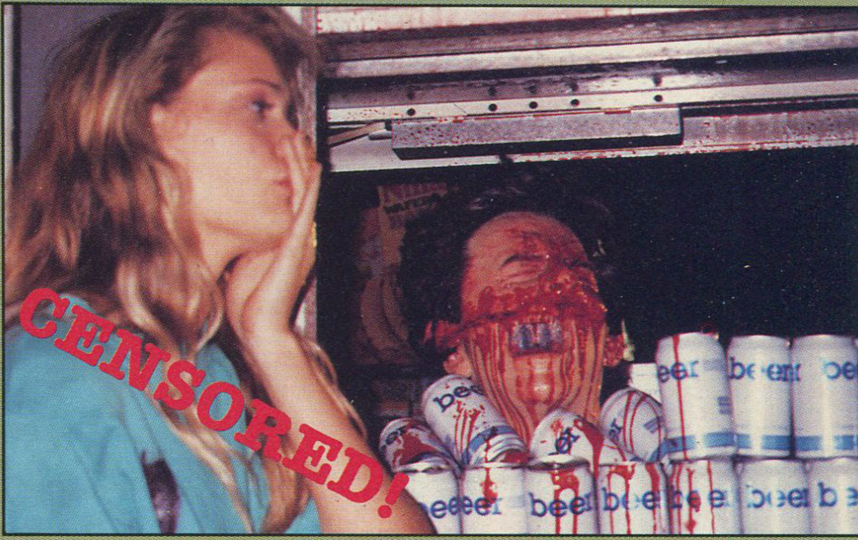
9: Jennifer, trying to force the freezer shut against the menacing hand grasping at her from inside, repeatedly slams Randy's dangling, hooked corpse against the heavy metal door.

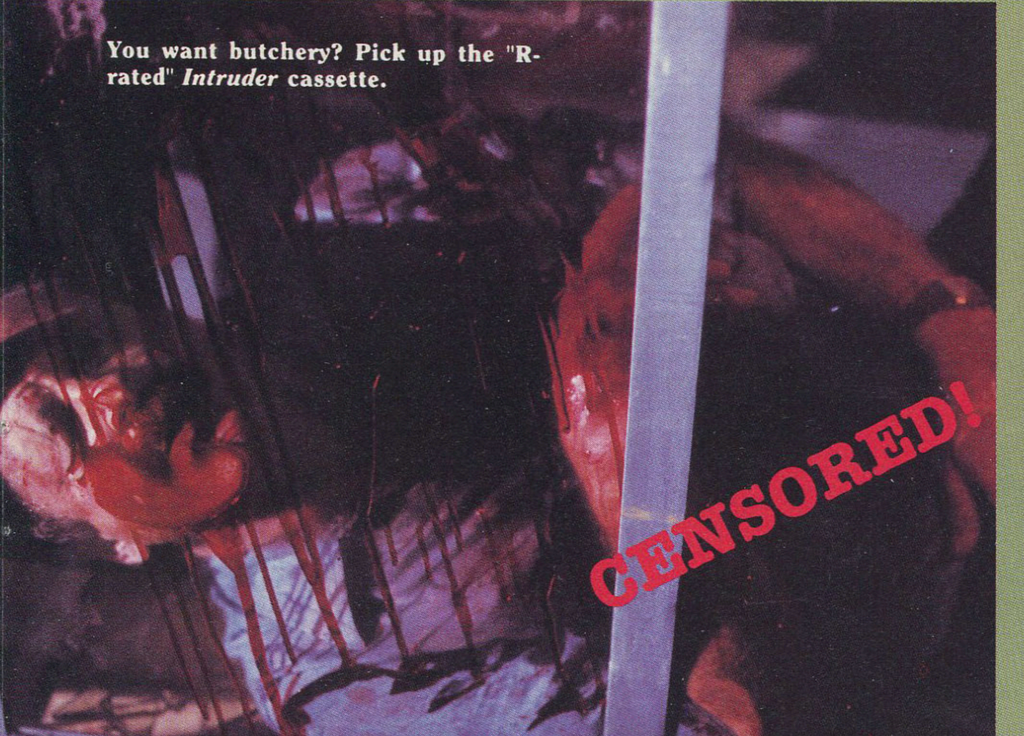
10: After falling down the conveyor belt into the cellar, Jennifer lands face-to-face with Tim's severed torso, propped up inside a bucket and displaying a sign that reads, "1/2 OFF!"

11: After Produce Joe's body comes down the conveyor belt, Jennifer's terrified reaction triggers the mechanism that puts the belt in reverse. As Joe heads back upstairs, his head falls off and his body disintegrates like a cow's.

12: An entire brief scene is missing in which Jennifer hides from the Intruder inside the cooler, where she must stifle her screams when confronted with Dave's bisected head wearing a necklace of the beer cans he'd earlier consumed. The scene includes two disgusting close-ups of the reassembled head.

Anyone who's ever worked the night shift in a store has entertained murder scenarios, but usually they involve customers.





You want butchery? Pick up the "R-rated" *Intruder* cassette.

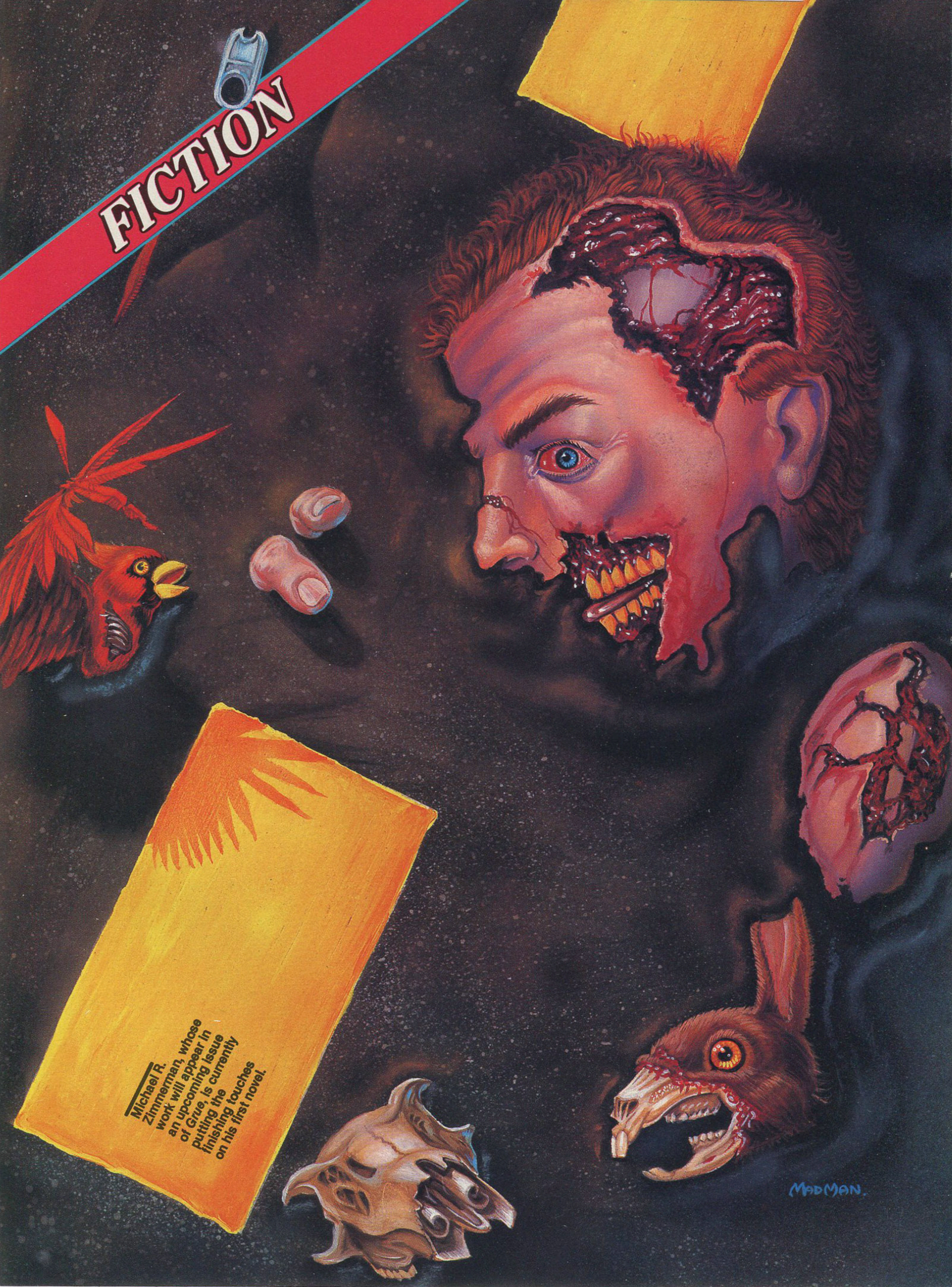
13: As Jennifer struggles to pry open the shatterproof store entrance, a deliveryman (Scott Spiegel) arrives with a shipment of fresh bread. As he opens his mouth in greeting, blood barfs forth, splattering the glass. His body slumps down, revealing the Intruder standing exactly behind him—a la *Tenebrae*—holding the butcher knife that did the deed. The Intruder bonks him on the head with the butt of the knife, for good measure.

14: After Jennifer sees Danny on the floor, whimpering, "Help me!" she finds that the Intruder is holding his severed head and using it as a ventriloquist's dummy. In two snipped close-ups, the Intruder manipulates the head's mouth with his hand gloved inside its neck, makes it say "Help me!" again, then kisses its cheek.

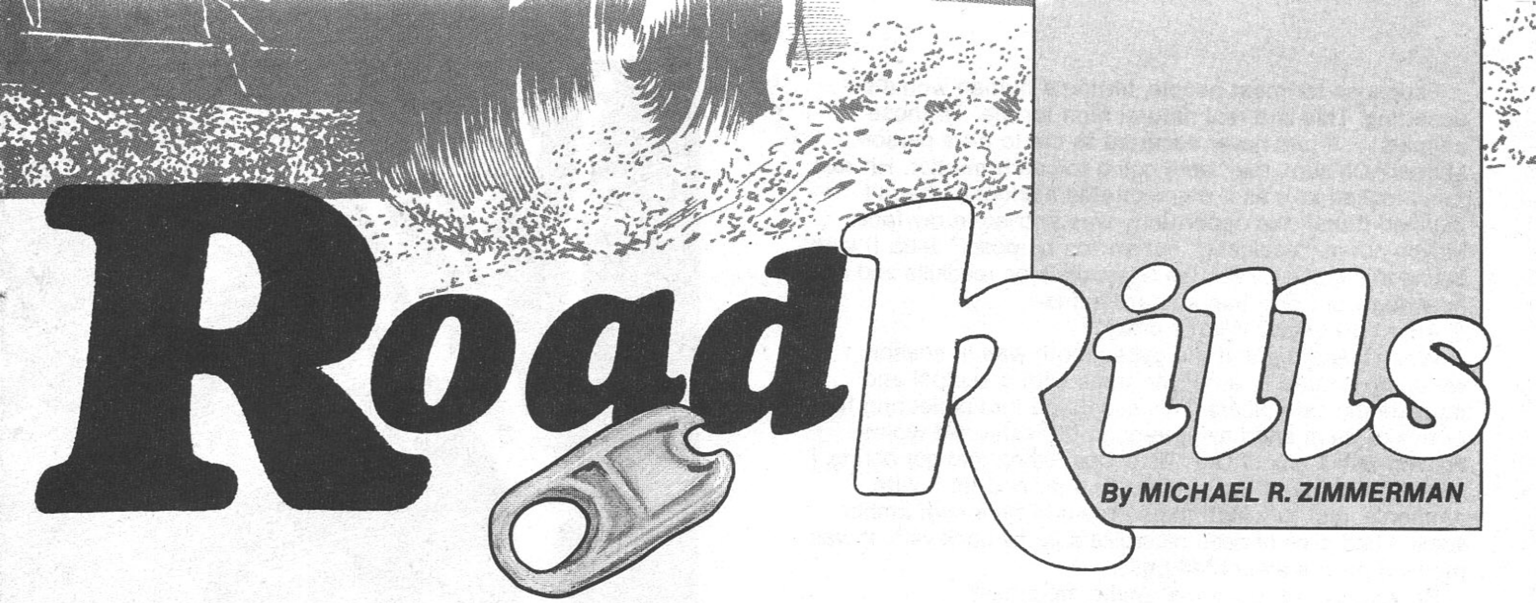
15: The Intruder grabs the knife away from Jennifer by the blade, then

(continued on page 56)

FICTION



Michael R. Zimmerman, whose work will appear in an upcoming issue of Grue, is currently putting the finishing touches on his first novel.



Road Kills

By MICHAEL R. ZIMMERMAN

I drove the battered car up the hill toward home. the car wasn't that bad; it could still take the winding road in third gear. My 1979 Ford Fiesta had 110,000 miles on her and was beginning to show signs of serious drag. The scars she bore were many, most just scratches, bug marks and bloodstains. For the main part, the paint was still a *very* bright yellow and the body mainly intact.

Except, however, for the right front fender. That was left by my last roadkill. I hit a tree on my way to school. I skidded in some slush and the damn thing just ran out in front of me. It was an oak, too, not some pansy pine tree. The first thing I did was pull down my visor and write "TREE" in big letters, followed by a hash mark. It was my first roadkill from the plant kingdom. That made sixty-six.

Yeah.

Sixty-six roadkills, street pizzas, macadam munchies, blacktop biscuits, highway hotcakes, or just plain fender fodder. I have a roadkill nickname for every week of the year.

> **Oh sure, they were going to call it murder. Hit and run. I looked at it as a premeditated accident.**

The visor was nearly full. All major rodents were represented: squirrels, rabbits, possum, etc. Felines and canines were there, of course, five of each. There was an abundance of aviators: sixteen robins, multiple chickadees, four chickens and a goose. I was proud of the chickens; an old woman was herding a dozen of them across the road when I appeared on the horizon. Almost got her, too.

Reptiles? You bet; two snakes and a box turtle. I almost blew a tire on the turtle. I don't have any deer yet, but my dad has two and he doesn't even try for them.

But the tree had sort of ended it. Six months later, here I was still at sixty-six. Not one of God's creatures had set foot near the roads in the past half-year.

Still, that was OK.

The May heat, the first real heat of the year, made me feel good. Well, better, at least. Today had not been a good day. It had been a straight, grease-grinding slice of life. I got a zero on a test. Thing is, I actually *took* this test. Only idiots get zeroes on tests they actually take. I'm no idiot. Driving home, I thought about what a joke everything was.

And then a magical thing happened.

A bluejay flew into my grill. Feathers poured over the hood. The bloody body rolled up and smacked wetly into the windshield, leaving a red smear. I roared in exultation.

"NUMBER SIXTY-SEVEN!"

Everything was going to be all right.

I took the final turn of the hill at about thirty and suddenly saw my neighbor walking up the hill. He's younger than me and has no friends.

He turned, saw me, and began to laugh, pointing at me. He must have heard about the test. He was laughing at me. Just a joking laugh . . . joking grin. He was a piece of meat. I hated him.

I slammed the stick into second and punched it. His smile disappeared when he saw mine. HA! *My* joking grin. For once, finally, he could see that I meant it. The right fender—no worse for the wear, by the way—clipped his leg. He fell under the tire. The car lurched as the rear wheels went over him.

Bonanza! SIXTY-EIGHT! To hell with deer! What a sound my neighbor had made! Even with the radio blaring and the engine's roar, I still heard his high-pitched squeal and the *ba-bump-ka-thrump-dump* as I went over him.

The magic was back, all right, and I knew they would be after me. I slipped the car into third and drove past my house. It would be a long time before I could go home again.

After a short while, I pulled over. I dug a felt tip out of the glove compartment and flipped the visor down. I put a hash mark under "AVIATORS." The red smear was dry now. It looked as if the windshield was rusting. So many headings and slashes. There was just enough room in the lower left corner for one small, final heading. I penned in "PEOPLE" and a huge mark. It looked wonderful.

I suppose for most people, hitting a human would be upsetting. This is a real natural high for me. All those animals. . . it just never occurred to me to hit a person. Murder? Oh sure, they were going to call it murder. Hit and run. I looked at it as a premeditated accident. I hadn't planned it until the opportunity was shoved in my face. Maybe not an "accident," but an "on purpose." Jeez, it was bound to happen. Check the latest odds on roadkills and see how many out of a hundred are human.

Am I crazy now? What's crazy?

When I was ten and the gypsy moth was in season, I would go around to all of the trees with a scalpel and mutilate the caterpillars. This escalated into collecting four or five of them and having a good ol' fashioned worm-burning with a box of Ohio Blue Tips. When that got boring, I would get thirty of the suckers in a jar and fill it with ammonia, just to watch them drown in their own amber vomit. I had piles of dead caterpillars in my back yard. It was my own private slaughterhouse.

So you tell me, does that make me crazy?

I reached over and popped a new tape into the player. I know not about crazy, I know only of spirit. I flipped the visor up and slowly pulled away from the curb. There was no stopping now.

I drove around for about an hour before I saw the first lights in my mirror. It must have been sheer luck that they stumbled onto me so soon. There hasn't been a murder or assault in my town for an eternity. They don't know what it's like. Forgive the rhyme, but it was prime time for a violent crime.

I decided to see if my lemon had any guts at all. Turning onto a back road, I cranked the music up all the way. Wonderful slamming drums, screaming vocals over the engine as the speedometer edged sixty-five. This is what it's all about, I told myself. If I'm a maniac, being a maniac is great fun.

I knew the road well. I've prowled it many times for roadkills, and it has been fertile. I hoped the cops weren't as privy to it. The turns I took with knowing precision, the straights with roaring glee. The lights still shone, glowing blue in my mirror.

Then my attention was diverted to the road. There was something there. It was coming fast, I couldn't quite—ah, a groundhog! Groundhogs aren't very fast. I suppose he tried to move. Even at seventy miles an hour, I made eye contact with him for a split second. He saw me. He saw my smile, my big, joking grin. It was only a mild bump, easy on the suspension.

In time, we came to a long straightaway. I gunned it, but my Fiesta was a weary four-cylinder. They were right on my bumper.

My rear window suddenly barked and exploded in crumbling chunks. Those buzzards took a shot at me! That wasn't part of the game!

Well, I wasn't going to wait for a second shot. My hands rolled over the wheel, maneuvering my car into the other lane. With all my might, I slammed both feet down, one on the brake, one on the clutch. The wheels locked and smoke poured from the tires. The police cruiser shot forward, completely thwarted. I jerked the wheel over hard, pulling the emergency brake, and completed a decent one-eighty. It's much easier in snow. I sped off in the other direction. It was a wonder I didn't flip it. I could only think one thought: *Only in a Fiesta.*

I really had to fly now. The whole state militia would be out for me after that last move. I took off onto a branch road, skinny and tight. Fun driving at fifty-five. The road ran by several farms. I leaned out the window and mooed at the cows.

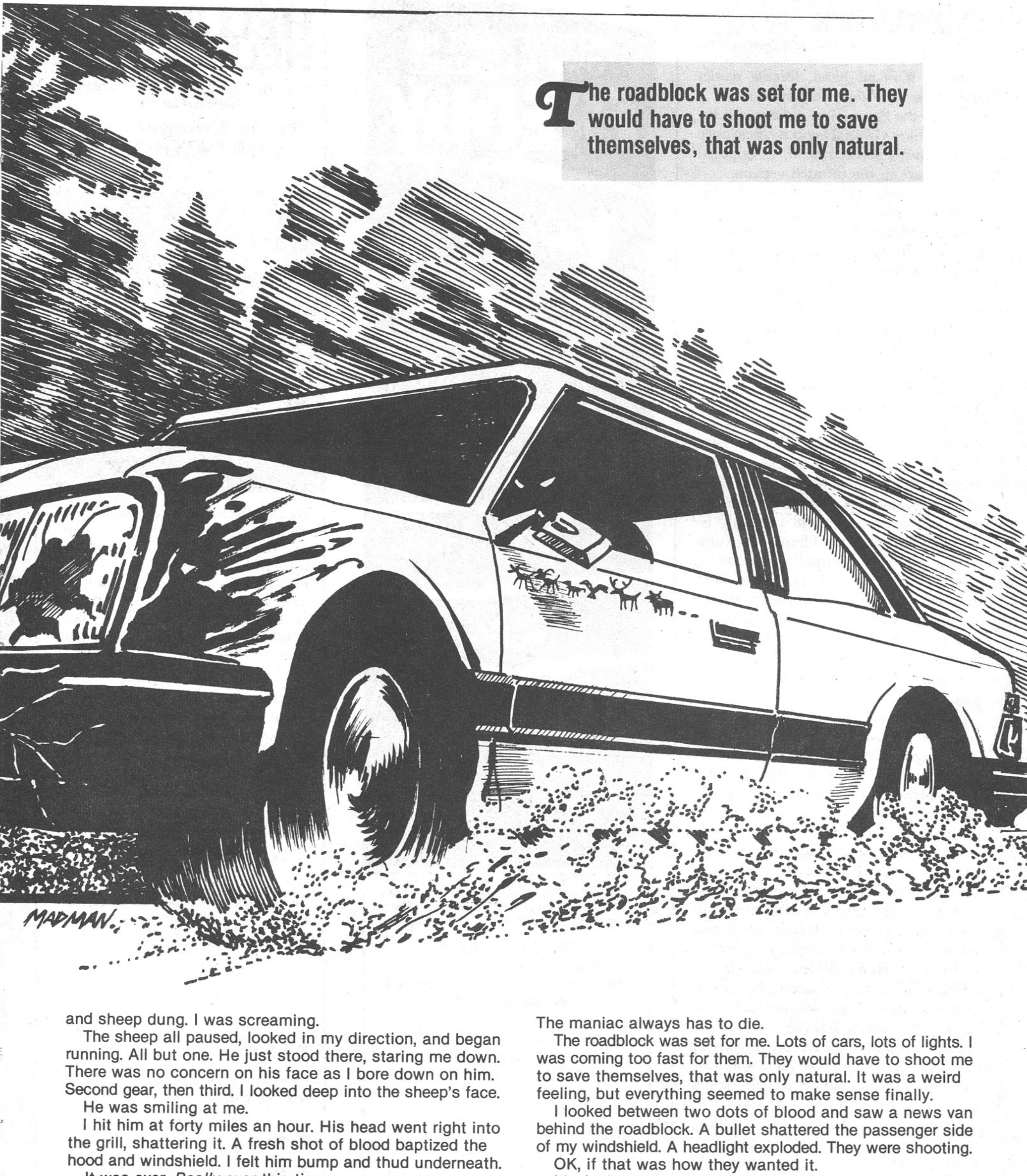
And then I saw them, eating grass, a whole herd of them. Sheep.

I drooled onto my lap.

They were peacefully chowing in a roadside pasture. I slowed to a crawl, just watching them. Suddenly the tree seemed insignificant, my neighbor even moreso. My mind raced: Why was I here? Why was I crazy? Why was I born? My parents couldn't tell me. No clergy in the world could tell me. Ah, but the combined spirits of sixty-nine roadkills could! Any higher plateau I was seeking was right in front of me. The sheep. There were fourteen of them.

To hit a sheep would be. . .

I put the car in first and floored it. I plowed down the short slope and through the barbed wire, spinning up grass, dirt



The roadblock was set for me. They would have to shoot me to save themselves, that was only natural.

and sheep dung. I was screaming.

The sheep all paused, looked in my direction, and began running. All but one. He just stood there, staring me down. There was no concern on his face as I bore down on him. Second gear, then third. I looked deep into the sheep's face.

He was smiling at me.

I hit him at forty miles an hour. His head went right into the grill, shattering it. A fresh shot of blood baptized the hood and windshield. I felt him bump and thud underneath.

It was over. *Really* over this time.

The car drove me back to town at top speed. I was oblivious. Sixty-nine roadkills. . . and one sheep. I was there; there was nothing left for me. I wanted to die. The maniac always has to die.

The roadblock was set for me. Lots of cars, lots of lights. I was coming too fast for them. They would have to shoot me to save themselves, that was only natural. It was a weird feeling, but everything seemed to make sense finally.

I looked between two dots of blood and saw a news van behind the roadblock. A bullet shattered the passenger side of my windshield. A headlight exploded. They were shooting.

OK, if that was how they wanted it.

I looked at the news van again, got that itch, and realized that, no, the maniac *doesn't* have to die. I wondered if Dan Rather was there on the scene. I laughed wildly at the thought. What a roadkill *he* would be!

The windshield caved in as I floored the accelerator .

INTRUDER

(continued from page 51)

squeezes it in his hand, forcing scarlet rivulets to wind down his forearm.

16: In the Paramount version, the Intruder strikes Craig (David Byrnes) once with Danny's severed head, as opposed to *five* times in the unrated version.

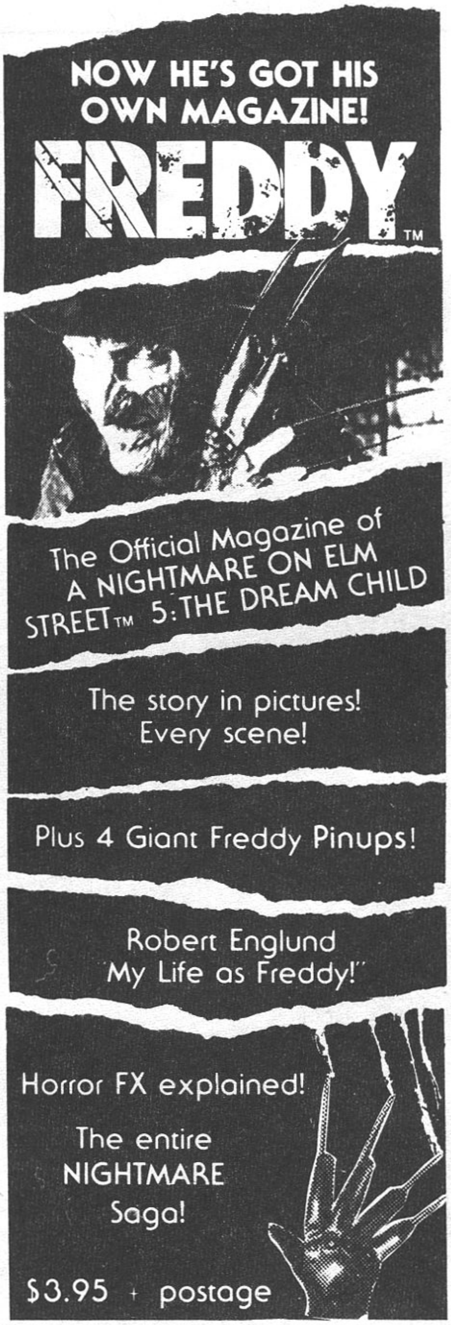
17: Likewise, Craig strikes the Intruder only once with the meat cleaver in the grand finale. The original cut shows our hero literally *tenderizing* the Intruder with *15* cleaver slams—the fifth time landing, in a medium close-up shot, between the fingers of his left hand.

In not giving the home viewer these scenes, Paramount Home Video has sabotaged their (and your) chances for a truly satisfying splatterfest, reducing *Intruder* to another dry-run along the lines of their *Friday the 13th* features. If the audience feels disappointed, think how Greg Nicotero, Robert Kurtzman and Howard Berger must feel; they performed makeup miracles on a miserly budget, and their accomplishment can only be circulated through the filmmaking community by word-of-mouth and bootleg cassette. Without their impressive work to climax director Spiegel's persuasive staging, most viewers will rewind *Intruder* best remembering the cameos of a couple of *Green Acres* veterans and Emil Sitka (the original "Fake Shemp").

There is an interesting—not to mention revealing—footnote to the *Intruder* saga. The film was released on videocassette in England earlier this year by Colorbox, a new video company—in its *unrated* edition! This brave action promptly solicited the wrath of the BBFC (the U.K. equivalent of our MPAA), which insisted that a series of cuts be imposed on all subsequent copies of *Intruder*. In a turn of events similar to those experienced in Britain by Frank Henenlotter's *Brain Damage* (another Paramount Home Video release), the BBFC's list of cuts are said to be far less extensive than those demanded by the increasingly stifling MPAA.

Edited copies of *Intruder* are already in circulation in Britain, but an unspecified number of uncut cassettes remain on the loose through British video stores and distributors. The only means of telling the two versions apart, sad to say, is by renting and auditing them personally until you find the one with the band saw.

It's heartening to know that, somewhere in the world, someone is perpetuating—however covertly—the freedom of choice.



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By DOUG DREXLER

CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S

MAKEUP FX LAB

Zen Again

PHOTO 1: Cylinder molds! We got cylinder molds! In the last nine months, we've accumulated more of these babies than most makeup artists acquire in a career. At any rate, if you recall our last installment, the foam fatale loaded a gaggle of these geese into the oven. There they have sat for several hours at 200 degrees Fahrenheit. Waiting within this gypsum oyster lies a beautiful foam latex pearl. It's still warm.

Greetings, friends! Caglione & Drexler reporting from the barrel of a still-smoking gun. This lab has been ballistic for *nine solid months*. In GOREZONE #8, we reported "being on fire" and that "Cag and Drex are hip-deep in the character job of their careers!"

We reentered the Earth's atmosphere about three weeks ago with these strange smiles on our faces. You see, John and I have a wondrous, shiny present for you fans of character makeup. Right now, the wrapping paper is being trimmed and the ribbon prepared. Meanwhile, continuing from our last issue, our "Zen and the Art of Foam Latex" look-see concludes with a pirouette, and then on to a potpourri of fascinating and unusual things which conspire to conjure the magic of makeup!

NOTE: Calgione & Drexler and STARLOG Communications Inc. accept no liability in the use of the materials discussed in this workshop.

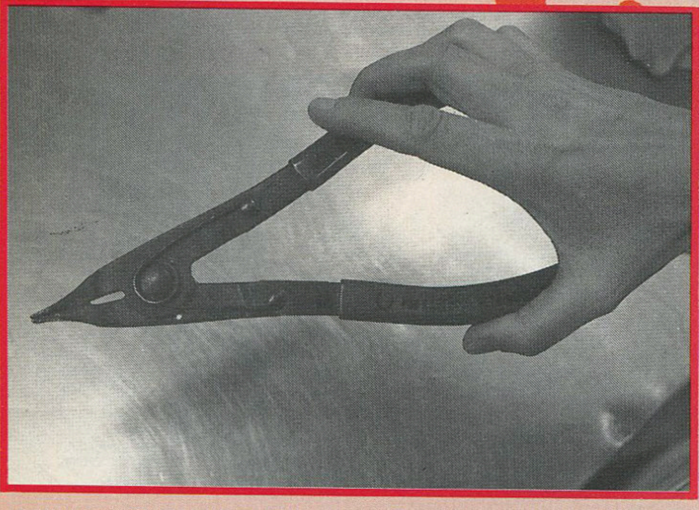
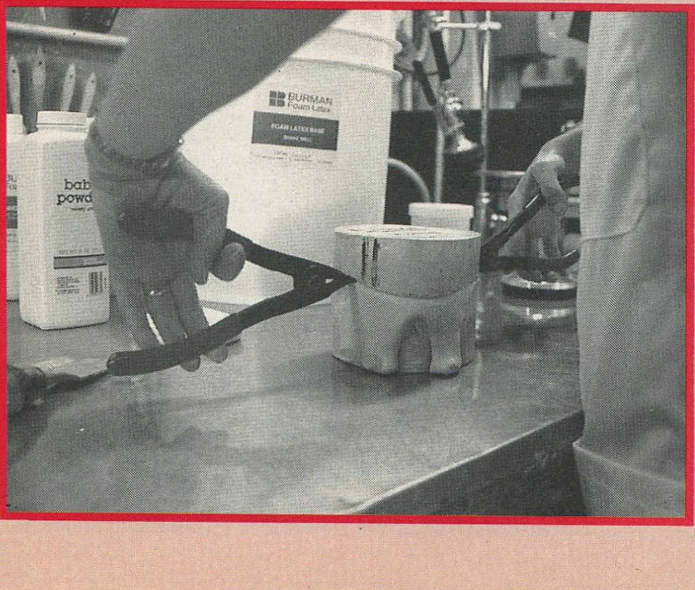


PHOTO 2: Here's a Brookstone-type gimmick—nonessential, but nifty nevertheless. It's an engine ring removal tool. Although it looks awkward to me, Donna swears by them for opening cylinder molds.

PHOTO 3: Essentially, the cylinder mold is glued by the baked foam latex. Since the piece within is usually quite delicate, opening the mold is something of an art. It takes a sensitive hand.



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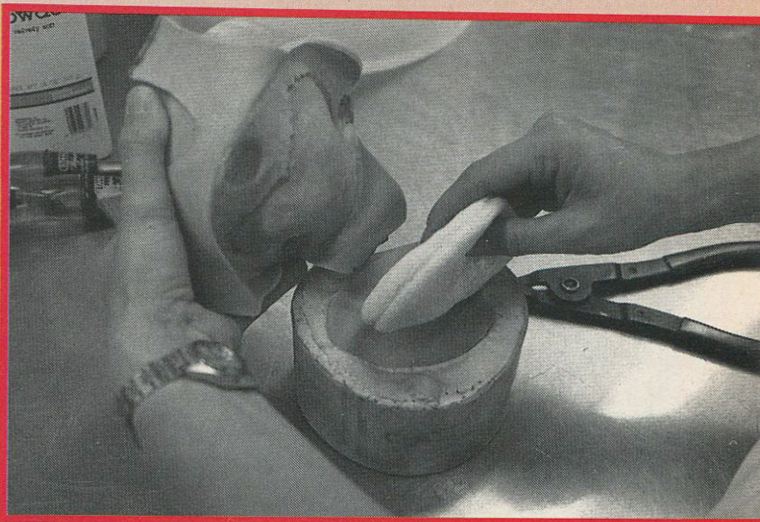


PHOTO 4: *Perfect!* A beautiful piece, the edges so fine that the flash comes away clean. You know how to tell a good edge? Wet your finger and lay the edge across it. A beautiful edge will disappear. You'll notice that Donna is powdering the appliance; this prevents the lacy edges from fouling themselves. Unpowdered, they tend to stick.

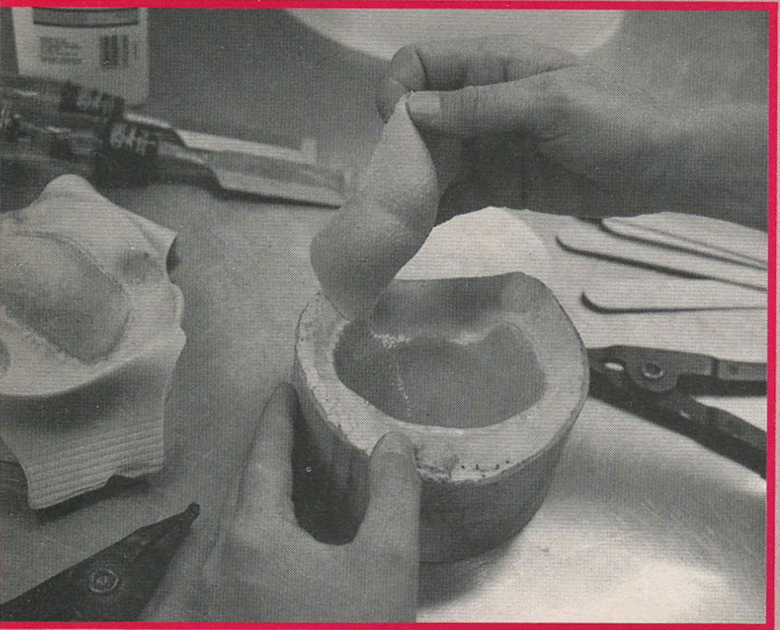
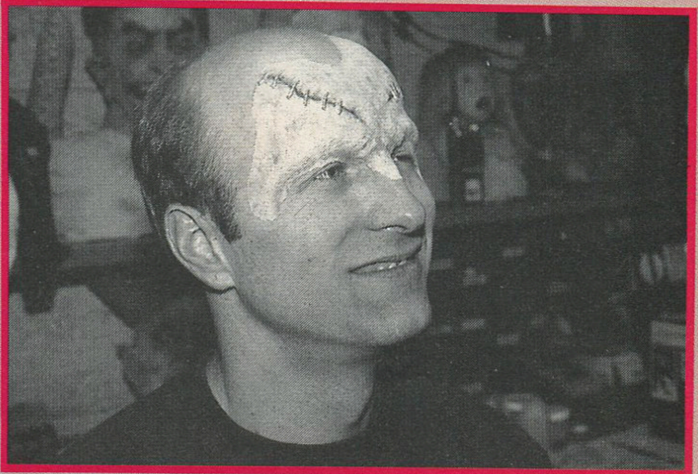


PHOTO 5: Here it is. Looks like a little behind! It's really a chin.

PHOTO 7: And their yield is rich!

PHOTO 8: Watch this. A mix 'n' match masterpiece! First, we achieve forehead . . .



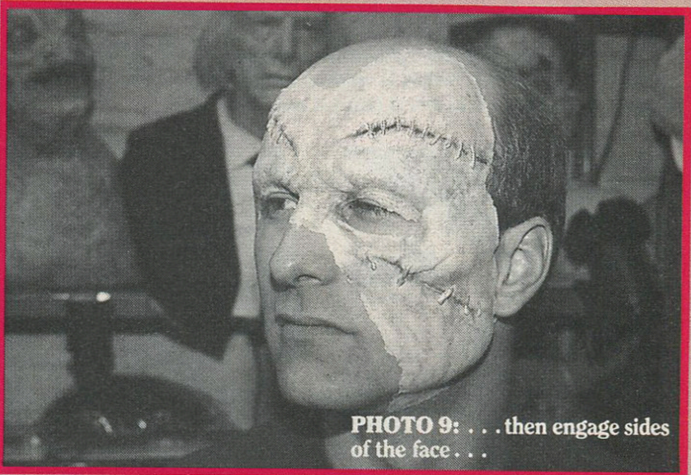


PHOTO 9: . . . then engage sides of the face . . .

PHOTO 6: These things start to collect after a while, and you realize that you've got a library of facial parts. Playing mix 'n' match can be quite productive when developing a character. We can harvest these things anytime we want to.

Since the piece within is usually quite delicate, opening the cylinder mold is something of an art.

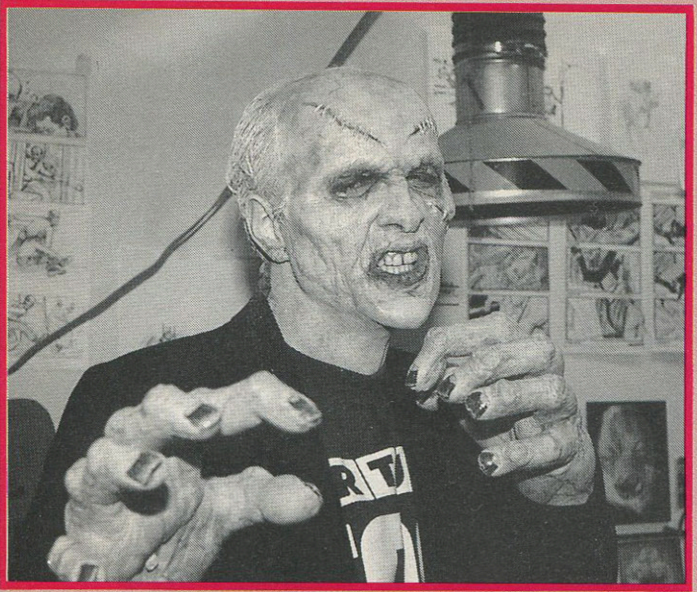


PHOTO 10: . . . paint action, hair color and monstrous hands.

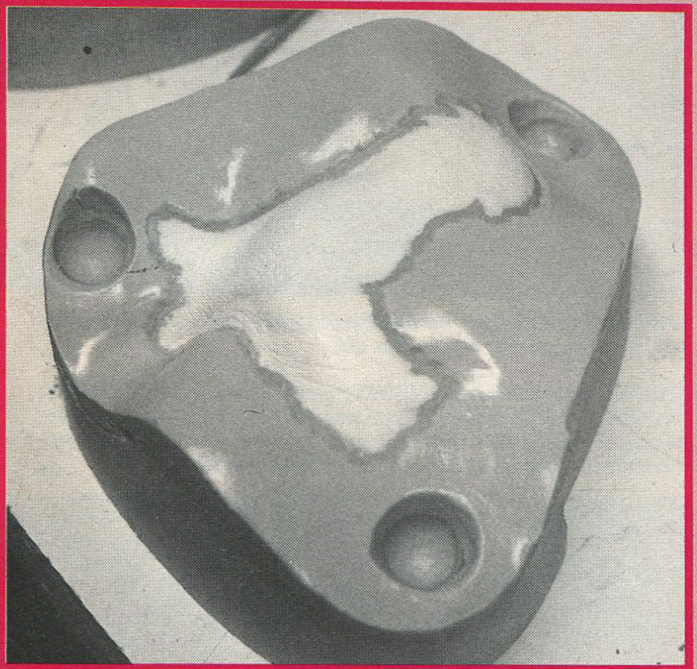


PHOTO 11: Now for some delicate appliance work. Here the sculpture is completed with cutting edge and overflow in place. The next step, of course, is to pour this sucker up in Ultracal!

PHOTO 12: Here is the completed appliance. John invokes a bit of that dynamic digital dexterity. Paint will gild the lily . . .

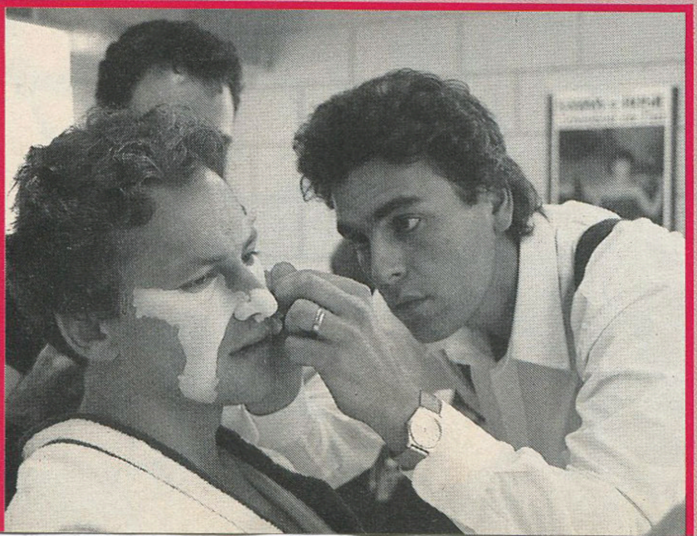
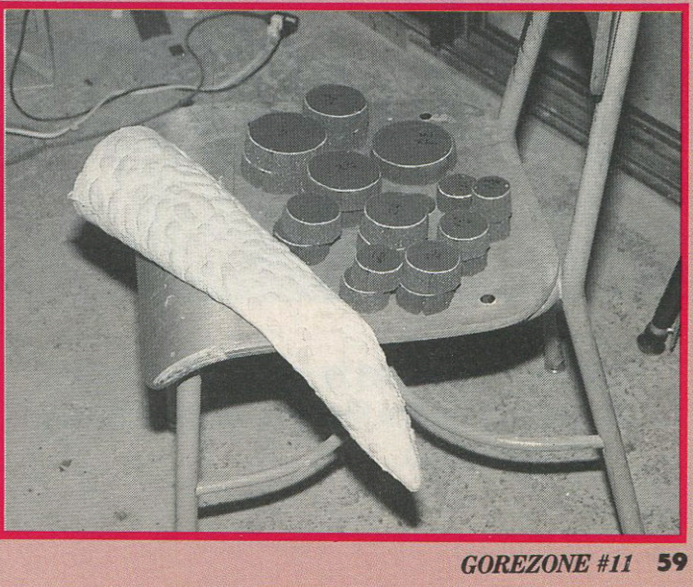


PHOTO 13: . . . and *voila*! The completed makeup. A subtle beauty.

caglione&dr

PHOTO 14: Another mix 'n' matcher from stock. Doug finesses.

PHOTO 15: Here's a neat little doo-dah that you can fabricate at home in your spare time. It's a breeze, and loads of fun. Pick up some 1-inch polyfoam packing and cut it into graduated discs. Onto these, hot glue plastic discs cut from 1/32-inch styrene plastic. See 'em? They're orange.



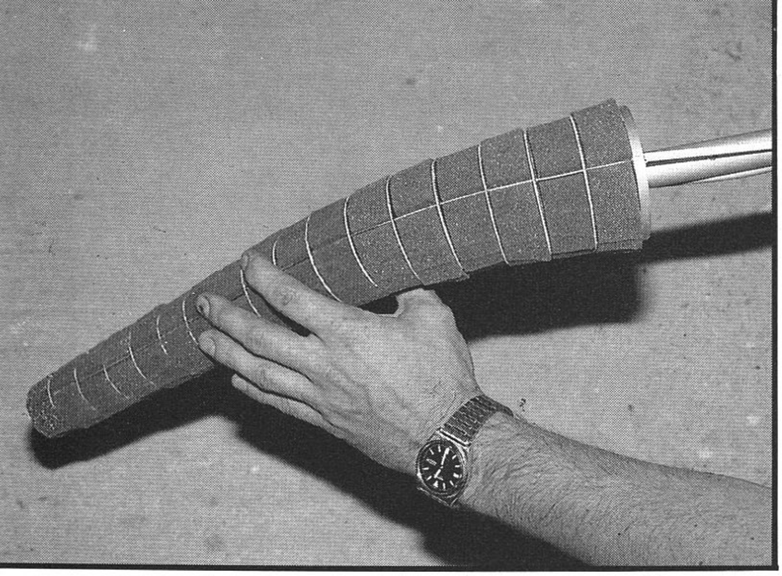
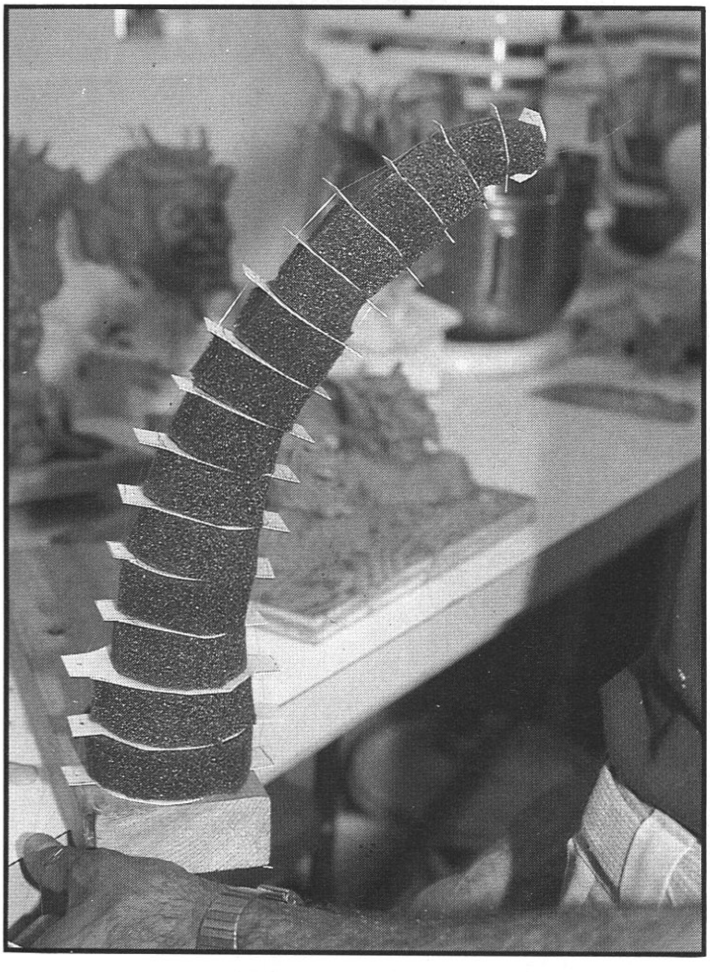


PHOTO 16: Now we hot glue the whole shebang together. By running a line up one side and down the other, we achieve a wonderfully responsive mobility.

PHOTO 17: Here's a rough 'n' ready version of the same rig. Note the protruding tabs on the styrene discs. Holes were drilled in these to guide the line. We pull the line on the right, and the tentacle begins to curl right.



These things start to collect after a while, and you realize that you've got a library of facial parts.

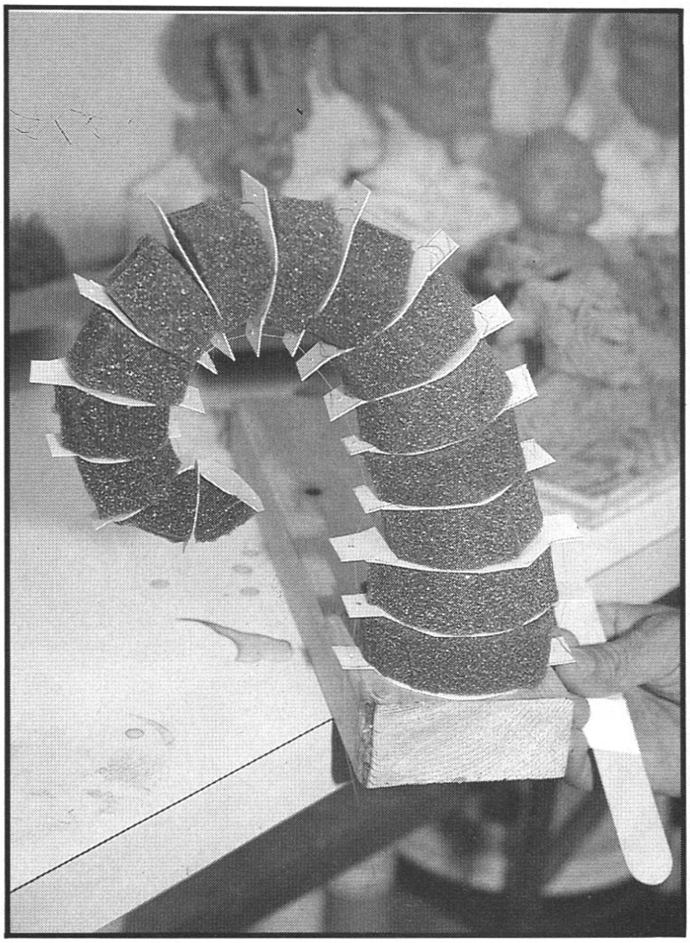


PHOTO 18: Pull down hard on the left and—there you go! Now it's up to *you* to smooth that sucker out.

PHOTO 19: Next issue, we'll bring you a behind-the-scenes look at Bob Kelly Wig Creations. Hair pieces and wigs are crucial character makeup tools, and a wig from Kelly is the topper to a satisfying makeup. Be here next issue for an introduction to hair .

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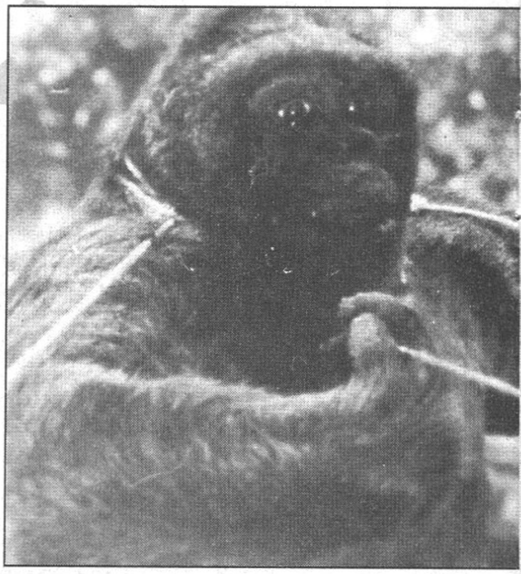
VIDEO WATCHDOG

By TIM LUCAS

Gore and Remembrance



Gorgo makes waves as a public domain title.

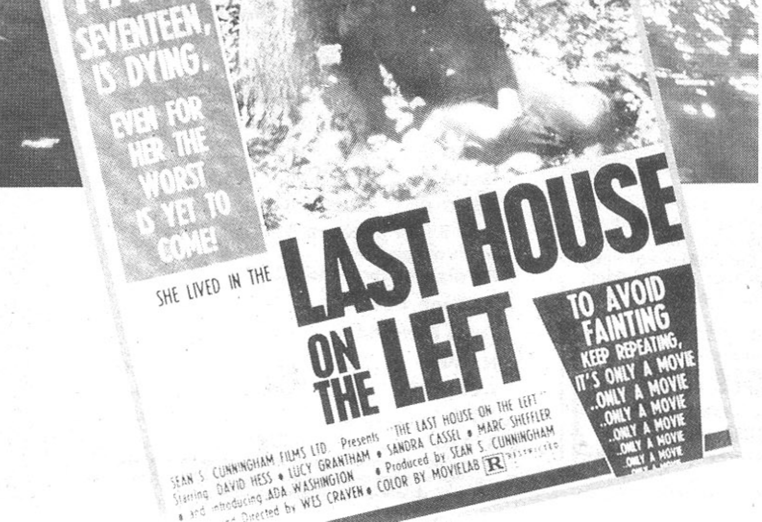
A Vestron Video flyer tumbled through the Watchdog's mail slot this morning, announcing a "Butcher's Dozen" of price-reduced horror classics, which were reissued at $19.95. "Butcher's Dozen" strikes me as an appropriate moniker for the particular titles they have in mind, which include *From Beyond* (still R-rated after all these years) and the umpteenth, still incomplete, release of Wes Craven's *Last House on the Left*.

The Watchdog caught *Last House* (not bad, but never one of my favorite movies) countless times at drive-ins during the early 1970s; it always seemed to be playing with *Twitch of the Death Nerve*. Each time it played, there was less and less footage to catch, until, when last seen, there was nothing there but a frustrating, tedious, 80-minute trailer. Vestron still makes this so-called "R-rated" version available, but even their "unrated" 83-minute, 31-second version continues to lack important footage—six years after its initial home video release!

Francis Brewster, a GoreZonian from Hampshire, England, recently wrote to address the long-unspecified shortcomings of the Vestron cassette, comparing their "uncut" version to a tape issued in the United Kingdom in 1982, before it was declared a "video nasty" and banned. After converting Vestron's NTSC cassette to the British PAL format, Brewster "was surprised to discover that all Vestron has done is clumsily reinsert a couple of previously cut scenes (probably from a European print, as the picture quality is completely different) while neglecting to restore others."

Brewster discovered a grand total of *eight* omissions. They are: 1) a shot of the blood on Mari's hands after Weasel cuts her; 2) a shot of the front of Phyllis' jeans darkening as she is forced to urinate; 3) Junior saying, "If you're not careful, you're gonna kill somebody... make 'em make it with each other, man! Make 'em!" followed by Sadie adding, "That's a good idea"; 4) a shot of Mari and Phyllis, nude, holding one another; 5) Weasel chasing Phyllis over the embankment; 6) a policeman getting out of his squad car (this is perhaps the result of a poor splice); 7) the policeman walking along the road; and 8) five pieces of adult dialogue just prior to Mrs. Collingwood's ultimate revenge on the manly Weasel.

Brewster adds that even the early European release version was strangely in-



... "The Last House on the Left" is just across the street from "Joe" and "Trash"
MARI, SEVENTEEN, IS DYING. EVEN FOR HER, THE WORST IS YET TO COME!
SHE LIVED IN THE
LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT
TO AVOID FAINTING KEEP REPEATING, IT'S ONLY A MOVIE ..ONLY A MOVIE ..ONLY A MOVIE ..ONLY A MOVIE ..ONLY A MOVIE ..ONLY A MOVIE
SEAN S. CUNNINGHAM FILMS LTD. Presents "THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT" Starring DAVID HESS • LUCY GRANTHAM • SANDRA CASSEL • MARC SHEFFLER and introducing ADA WASHINGTON • Produced by SEAN S. CUNNINGHAM Written and Directed by WES CRAVEN • COLOR BY MOVIELAB R RESTRICTED

Still waiting for the uncensored *Last House on the Left* on video? Don't hold your breath.

Turner restores *Mighty Joe Young* and "color enhances" it in the process.

complete, lacking the 2-minute, 55-second sequence of the policeman trying to get a lift on Ada's chicken truck, as well as the entire end credits sequence!

DOUBLE DEKKER

Shawn Garrett (Tom River, NJ) and Juan Serna (Salinas, CA) were the first of many GoreZonians to inform the Watchdog of a *nine*-minute addendum to the televersion of Fred Dekker's *Night of the Creeps* shown on cable's USA Network.

As you may remember, the theatrical and home video releases ended on a rather abrupt and nauseating note, with actress Jill Whitlow swallowing an alien parasite spat into her mouth by an "inhabited" dog. USA's version dropped this denouement entirely. Instead, the action cuts to the badly burnt Detective Cameron (Tom Atkins), stumbling and falling face-down on the street, his skull shattering on impact and hatching four parasitic newborns, which skitter off in different directions. Two of these parasites creep under the iron fence surrounding the local cemetery, above which an enormous spacecraft—shown at the beginning of the film—is hovering, directing a spotlight probe at the headstones below.

Judging from the correspondence, this new footage was a marked improvement.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME

GoreZonians with hardcore penchants for Italian horror—by which I mean, you don't care if a movie's subtitled or not, so long as you can see it—would be well advised to check out the catalogs offered by two Italian-language video companies, Domovideo (59-24 Myrtle Avenue, Ridgewood, NY 11385) and Master Video Promotions (604 College Street, Toronto, Ontario M6G 2Y3 Canada).

Domovideo's catalog includes such Italian goodies as the 120-minute version of Argento's *Profondo Rosso* (*Deep Red*, for the uninitiated), Monicelli's *Le Voci Bianche* (with a cameo by Barbara Steele), Lenzi's *Spasmo* (Ivan Rassimov and Suzy Kendall amid mannequin mayhem), Harald Phillip's *La Morte Bussa due Volte* (*The Twice-Kissed Corpse*, with Fabio Testi and Anita Ekberg), and Luigi Cozzi's previously unavailable *L'Assassino e'Costretto ad Uccidere Ancora* (*The Murderer Must Kill Again*, with George Hilton and Femi Benussi). Their real treasure trove, however, is for admirers of Lucio Fulci; Domovideo offers such rarities as his first feature, *Toto i Ladri* (*Toto the Thief*, 1959), *Il Lungo il Corto il Gatto* (1967, a spaghetti Western parody with Franco and Ciccio), *La Pretora* (a sex comedy with Edwige Fenech) and, for those Fulci fans who prefer their Lucio *al salsa*, there's *Murderrock Uccide a Passo di Danza* (1980), a disco-era *giallo*, scored by Keith Emerson, which comes closer to recapturing the look of *Tenebrae* than anything Argento himself has done since.

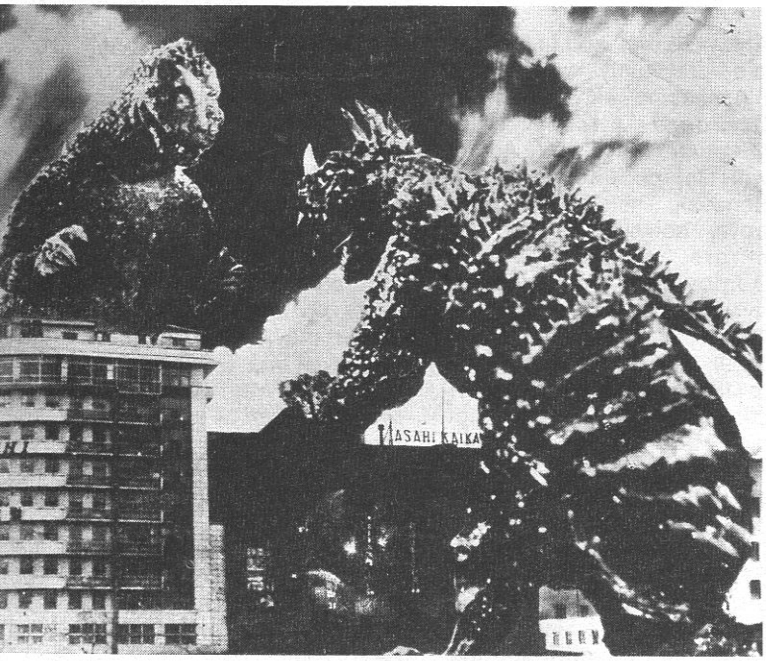
All Domovideo titles are available in VHS and Beta formats (American NTSC standard only), and all titles (except double-pack items like *El Cid*) are priced at a mere $19.95! Credit card orders are accepted by telephone at (718) 821-0990.

Master Video Productions offers its own bloodcurdling booty, including that rarest of all Argento films, the historical "dramody" *Le Cinque Giornate* (1973), as well as the full-length, 101-minute Italian version of *Phenomena*! Among their other points of interest are Jess Franco's *Diary of a Nymphomaniac* (under the title *La Giornate Intime di una Giovane Donna*); Sergio Martino's *L'Isola Degli Uomini Pesche* (for those curious to see what *Screamers* looked like before Roger Corman and Chris Walas got ahold of it); Joe D'Amato's *La Morte ha Sorriso all'Assassino* (the rather more coherent, far more violent, uncut version of *Death Smiles on a Murderer*); *Il Gigante di Metropolis* (a beautiful *color* print of *The Giant of Metropolis* with Gordon Mitchell—which Sinister Cinema offers in B&W only); and *Libido* (1966), a kinky hor-

Peter Cushing is on the trail of the *Black Werewolf*. How come they didn't call Lon Chaney the *White Wolf Man*?

Two of Bava's *Invaders* draw cardboard swords in this Italo barbarian favorite.

Photo: Courtesy John Cocchi



Godzilla Raids Again **for under 10 bucks!**

Photo: Courtesy John Cocchi

ror thriller from "Julian Berry," a.k.a. Ernesto Gastaldi, the screenwriter of such classics as *What!* and *The Horrible Dr. Hichcock.* Sounds like X-mas, eh?

MVP's tapes cost approximately as much as Domovideo's, considering the conversion rate—$24.95 per tape—and you can phone in credit card orders at (416) 531-7421.

And since we're on the subject...

Italophiles Alert: Mario Bava's *The Invaders* (a.k.a. *Erik the Conqueror*, 1961), Anthony Dawson's *The Virgin of Nuremberg* (a.k.a. *Horror Castle*, 1964) and *Miami Horror* (a.k.a. *Miami Golem*) with David Warbeck—which the Watchdog reviewed in GOREZONE #3, following their release by Twin Towers Entertainment—have been reissued by AIP Video at a reduced price of $29.95 apiece.

YOU STILL CAN'T JUDGE A TAPE BY ITS COVER

Impulse Productions has released Amicus' *The Beast Must Die* (1974) as *Black Werewolf* (presumbably due to Calvin Lockhart's starring role, although he plays the hunter rather than the werewolf). The company has also released the 73-minute condensation of *Ganja and Hess* (see last issue) under the title *Black Vampire*. The latter release reportedly includes a visual blackout, long enough to be annoying, halfway through the film, which is certainly carrying a theme too far. Let's hope Impulse continues this silly titular trend until they get around to issuing uncut copies of those Chinese *Black Magic* movies!

Forum Video's *Body Count* is actually *The Eleventh Commandment*, directed by Paul (*I Dismember Mama*) Leder...Camp Video's *The Demon Hunter* is Massey Cramer's Southern-made shocker, *The Legion of Blood Mountain* (1965)...VCII's *I Love to Kill* with William Shatner is a feeble facade for *Impulse*, an insufferable William Grefe film from 1974...Comet Video's *Madhouse Mansion* is actually *Ghost Story* (1974), directed by Stephen Weeks of *I, Monster* fame...Wizard/Lightning's *Trauma*, an Italo-Spanish sex mystery starring Fabio Testi and the great Jack Taylor, has popped up on Lettuce Entertain You Video (!) under the title *Virgin Terror.*

Platinum Video's *Blood Splash* is still another retitling of *Nightmare* or *Nightmares in a Damaged Brain* or whatever it's called.

Lawsuits be damned, Tom Savini's self-contested makeup credit is plastered all over the box.

Genesis Video is another company that routinely retitles all releases. *Straight Jacket* is the same film as Prism Video's *Dark Sanity*, starring the ever-dependable Aldo Ray. *Slipping into Darkness* is a retitling of Richard Cassidy's *Crazed*, a mid-'70s low-budget slasher flick, originally issued by Transworld Entertainment. It should not be confused with Virgin Video's *Slipping into Darkness*, a 1988 biker vengeance actioner starring Michelle Johnson. While on the subject of Genesis, it should be mentioned that their *Cat in the Cradle*—a mid-'70s sex thriller starring Colleen Camp and a red-haired Cybil (sic) Danning—has been released on T-90 cassettes that run out before the end credits finish rolling!

Vestron's *The Mysterious, Black-footed Ferret* is actually a National Audobon Society video, not an Italian *giallo*.

The Watchdog thanks H.L. Holmes (Hicksville, NY) and David Walker.

WATCHDOG BULLETIN BOARD

Turner Home Entertainment's much-ballyhooed release of their latest colorized classic, *Mighty Joe Young* (1949), eclipsed the far more important simultaneous release of a fully restored B&W version of the Merian C. Cooper/Ernest Schoedsack/Willis O'Brien classic. The monochromatic edition—also available for a mere $19.95—was restored from the original nitrate finegrain and includes the legendary Technicolor climax of Joe rescuing children from a blazing orphanage, not seen since the film's theatrical release 40 years ago!

Turner aired their colorized version on TNT last July and, yep, they *colorized* a B&W print of the fire sequence! I suppose the temporary leap in quality might have been a bit shocking.

Incidentally, Turner Home Entertainment released simian—I mean, similar—versions of the 1933 *King Kong* earlier in the year: one colorized, the other a fully restored B&W print. Turner's B&W *Kong* cassette outperforms even the best available *Kong* laserdiscs, refining from the surface sootiness of earlier prints a wealth of silvery detail that makes viewing the film a completely new sensory experience. (It also lays bare a number of the film's more primitive special FX and matte shots, but by now, we love these enough to forgive them.) The explicit inserts which the film recovered in the early 1970s, which have always looked darker and coarser than their surrounding footage, have now been upgraded to match the rest of the film. This once-lost footage has been back for some time; only now has it been fully reintegrated.

On the subject of giant monsters, it should be mentioned that Video Treasures has released two crown jewels of the genre: Eugene Lourie's *Gorgo* (1961) and Inoshiro Honda's *Godzilla Raids Again* (1958)—both of these LP-speed cassettes can be found in drug and department stores, usually for under $10! *Godzilla Raids Again* was originally released here as *Gigantis the Fire Monster*, and it is this title which appears on their pristine print, regardless of what the box says. Since its initial release on labels like Nostalgia Merchant and United Home Video, *Gorgo*'s public domain status has resulted in a deluge of poor quality releases. Video Treasure's *Gorgo* is the best ever, since its 35mm days. The fact that the box enthuses over "Papa" Gorgo's rescue of "his" 65-foot infant is annoying, but forgivable.

If you can't find Video Treasures releases in your area, write them for information at 270 Oser Avenue, Happauge, NY 11788, and enclose a SASE.

OPEN SESAME—THE VAULT IS OPEN!

The Watchdog understands that this column can be frustrating for readers in

Photo: Courtesy Turner Entertainment

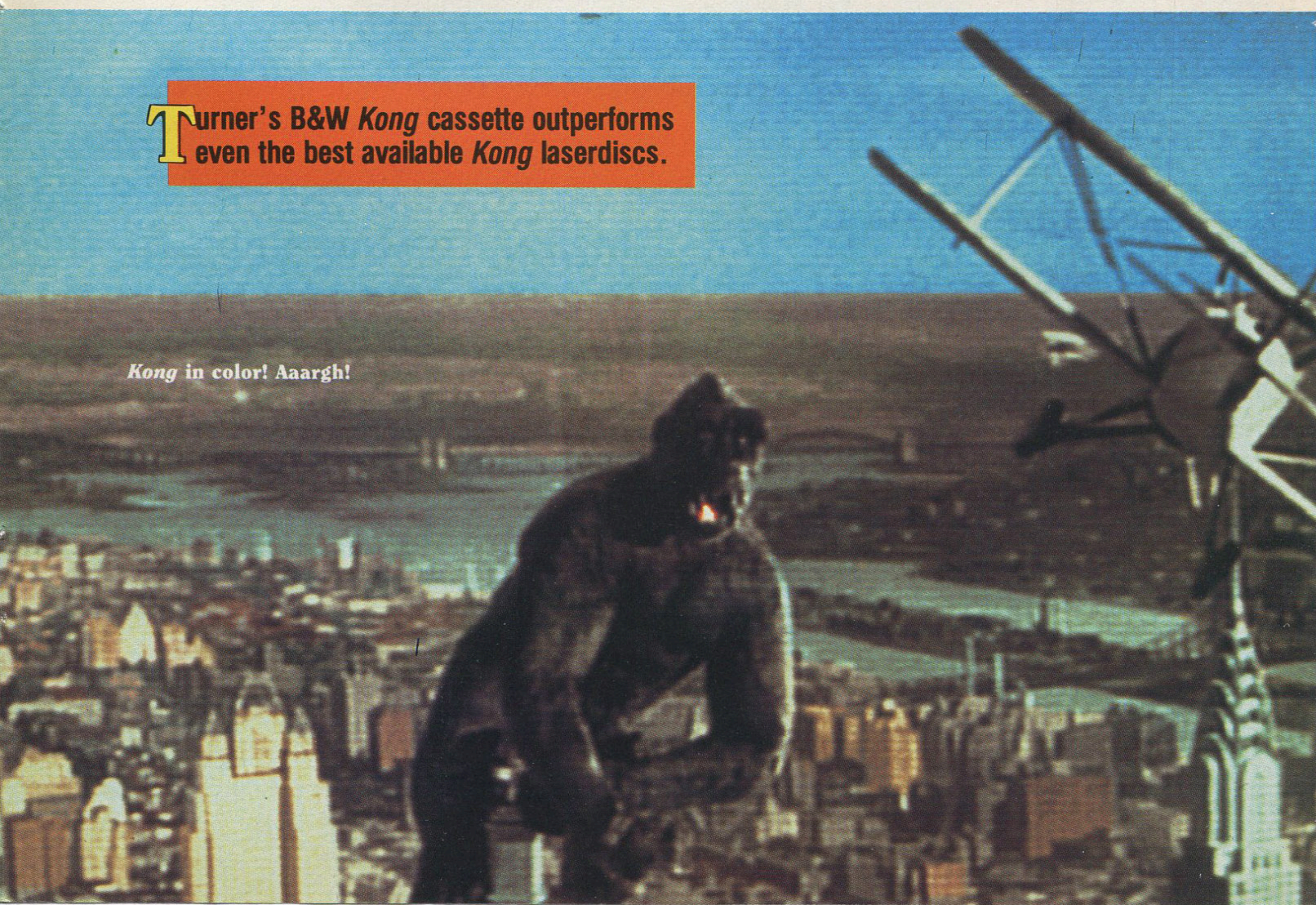
the boonies, commenting as it does on hard-to-find releases, foreign variants and out-of-print videos. So it makes me very happy to announce that the Video Vault—one of the best, most mind-boggling video stores on the continent—is now set up for mail rentals. Vaultkeepers Jim & Jane McCabe are regular scanners of GOREZONE and keep their two Washington DC-based stores stocked with most of the titles documented in the Watchdog's column. Some of their most mouth-watering new holdings: a Japanese tape of the full, 124-minute version of Andrzej Zulawski's brilliant *Possession* (to be examined here next issue), Jess Franco rarities like *Succubus*, *Hellhole Women* and *Women in Cellblock 9*, British documentaries on Herschell Gordon Lewis, Ted V. Mikels and Russ Meyer, and much, much more.

Dial 1-800-VAULT-66 for membership details, and tell 'em the Video Watchdog sent you. ✸

Photo: Copyright Tri-Star

The TV version of *Night of the Creeps* features an entirely different ending than the theatrical version.

Turner's B&W *Kong* cassette outperforms even the best available *Kong* laserdiscs.



***Kong* in color! Aaargh!**

FUTURE SHOCK

Holy viscera, splatter fans! The mag they said would never make it (or maybe the mag they *hoped* would never make it) has survived into the 1990s. With this, our last issue of '89, we look forward to our agenda for the coming decade. Thought we'd give you advance warning, in case you can't handle it.

The conclusion of Skipp & Spector's rampage in England will delve deep into the NIGHTBREED experience. What's it like getting weird for Clive Barker? This is the only way to find out, short of flying to the set.

A really ominous promise on the horizon is TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE: THE MOVIE. Directed by George Romero protege John Harrison, the feature plans to go in directions the television series couldn't.

Recognize the name Brian Yuzna? As producer, he helped bring RE-ANIMATOR and FROM BEYOND to the screen; now, as director, he delivers the truly abnormal SOCIETY and perhaps the most eagerly awaited sequel ever: BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR. Time for an in-depth profile, wouldn't you say?

Other developments on the rise involve Sam Raimi's DARKMAN, Joe Dante's GREMLINS II and as always the steady flow of news, previews and reviews.

The new era is upon us, and we've got to fight for our right to carnage. Just so you know ahead of time, things are only going to get rougher, grosser and more bodacious from this point on. If you've got what it takes, be here when 1990 kicks off with GOREZONE #12!

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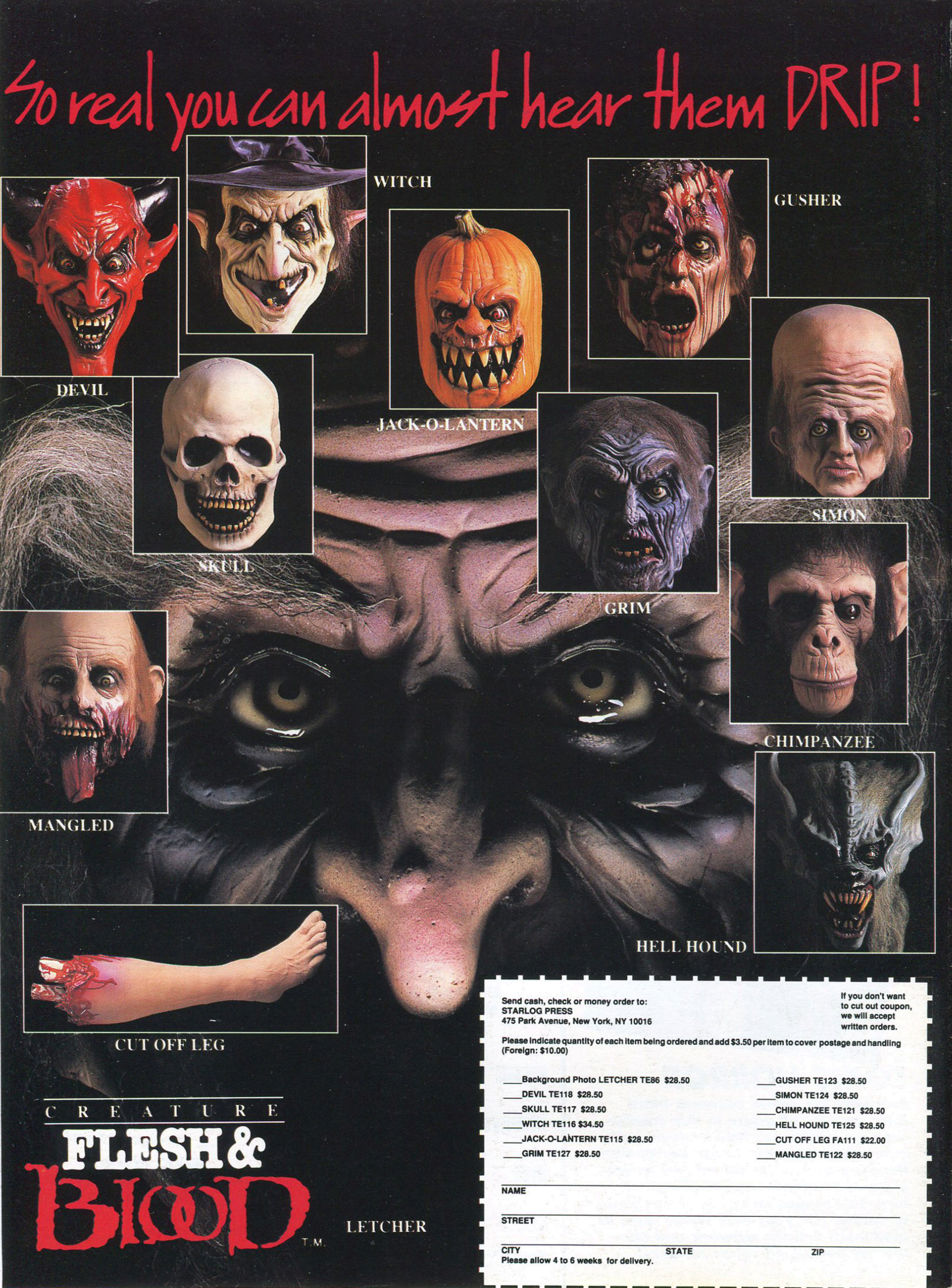
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